Vol. CXXXVII. No. 1780.

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THE BYSTANDER JANUARY 26, 1938.

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The Bystander, January 26, 1938 No. 1780. Vol. CXXXVII.

The Bystander

Cannons of Hollywood

The Lady Victoria Scott

Lady Victoria Montagu-Douglas-Scott is the second of Earl Haig's three sisters. She married Mr. Andrew Scott in 1929, and they have two children—a son, Douglas Andrew, born in 1930, and a daughter, Henrietta, who will be four this year—and live in Southwick Crescent. Her husband is the only son of Lord Herbert Scott and a first cousin of the Duke of Buccleuch. Lady Victoria Scott chaperoned her younger sister, Lady Irene Haig, all last season, when the latter was one of the Coronation debutantes

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE general discussions between the British and Irish leaders which were adjourned last week, were on the whole full of hope for the future. In the first place, President de Valera, having put Partition at the head of his agenda, philosophically accepted Mr. Chamberlain's firm reply that nothing could be done in the direction of Irish Union without the consent of Ulster. Instead of digging his heels in, as he probably would have done ten years ago, and refusing to discuss anything else until he got his own way on the one point on which he obviously was not going to get his own way, last week the President of Eire passed on to item number two on his list—the financial and fiscal troubles between the two countries. This reasonableness of disposition is the first of the hopeful signs.

THE second hopeful sign is that the experts on both sides are to meet at once and examine the possibilities of a general trade agreement between Britain and Eire. Both countries would benefit very much by such an agreement, materially and morally. It is lunacy that a tariff war should have been going on for three or four years with a country which has something to sell which we want to buy, and which wants to buy from us the goods which we make.

The third good sign for the future of Anglo-Eire relations is the persistence of the rumours that the two other outstanding differences—the Annuities and the Naval Bases in Eire—may be linked together and solved simultaneously by an arrangement by which Eire would retain the Annuities, and with the money themselves maintain the bases.

ON the whole the new Chautemps Government has had a fairly good reception in France. It is an overwhelmingly Radical Cabinet, and the Socialists and Communists are outside it. To that extent, therefore, the Popular Front has disintegrated for the time being, though in the country it is almost certainly as strong as ever. The French Press has been cautiously favourable, even the journals of the Right, but it seems to be pretty generally agreed that M. Chautemps' new Government is only a stop-gap and that a successor will have to be found for it fairly soon.

JAPAN'S policy of destruction and savagery is doing more to draw Anglo-Saxondom together than fifty years of London-Washington diplomacy. Four American cruisers are on their way now to take part in the 150th anniversary of the foundation of Sydney, and three of them are to "go on afterwards," as they say in party-circles, to the opening of the Singapore Base on February 14th. The importance of this latter visit is not so much the number of ships which are going, but the genuine satisfaction with which most of the American Press has welcomed the gesture. No one has yet said—but then it is admittedly very hard to get ahead of the BYSTANDER'S Intelligence Service—that this American visit is a very pleasant Valentine to Singapore.

EVERY week brings news of another mad surge forward in the rearmament race of the world. Japan has now denied the rumours that she is building any 43,000-ton battleships, armed with 18-inch guns. Washington, however, is taking no risks of being caught unawares, and announces that America is to build two battleships each of which will cost the staggering sum of fourteen million pounds each. Not even the Hood or Nelson or Rodney cost more than £8 million. And as the Hood is 42,100 tons, one wonders what these new Americans will displace.

IN a free democratic country, industry is to a considerable extent independent of politics. Thus, during the

A Jolly Trio

M. Stoyadinovitch, the Yugoslav Premier, paid a visit to Berlin at the beginning of last week and found in Hitler and Goering two big men ready for business. But nothing more concrete than frankness and friendliness was distilled from the political talks, M. Stoyadinovitch being reported as saying naïvely in reply to a German suggestion for further bi-lateral agreements that his aim was to be as friendly with as many countries as he could.

Farewell at Euston

Mr. de Valera and his colleagues were seen off for Dublin after last week's talks by Mr. Malcolm MacDonald (among others). The Secretary for the Dominions had a quarter of an hour's conversation in the Irishmen's carriage before the train left. Arrived in Kingstown, Eire's President made a non-committal but cool statement to the Press about his hopes for future agreement

Abyssinian affair, it was regarded as perfectly natural and right that British Big Business should go on providing Italy with the oil for a war which the British Government was doing its best (or nearly) to stop. But in a totalitarian state, everything, including industry, is subject to politics. It is all the more puzzling, therefore, to find that Italy should be rejoicing in the moral adhesion of Tokyo to the Berlin-Rome Axis and the anti-Comittern Pact, and at precisely the same moment should be heading the list, by a long way, of countries supplying China with explosives through Hong-Kong. And, oddly enough, the other friend of Nippon on the Axis is third on this explosives list. In fact, the two Western supporters of the Land of the Rising Sun have supplied China with more than all the other countries put together.

At last references to London's balloon barrage are leaking into the Press from the Air Ministry, and it almost looks as if somebody in high office is beginning to wonder if a draft scheme might not be tentatively brought out for preliminary consideration by a consultative committee. The Air Ministry is "considering the acquisition" of 40 acres of land near Kenton, Middlesex, for a balloon barrage depôt. There is also said to be "a balloon barrage at Kidbrooke, near Woolwich." It would be much more satisfactory if the Ministry was in a position to announce that there was "a balloon barrage round London."

If half the allegations are true which have been made by officers and seamen of the American mercantile marine to the Senate Commerce and Labour Committee, then I for one will think twice before I ship before the mast in an American freighter plying round the Horn. Astonishing evidence was given of "look-outs aloft so drunk that we were afraid to remove them from the crow's-nest for fear of falling-down," of "men at the wheel so drunk that they turned the wheel the wrong way in their stupor," of crews of liners refusing to sail at the last minute until three sorts of ice-cream had been provided. Personally, I never saw anything more terrible on an American ship than a snowball aimed by the captain from his bridge at a pretty girl passenger below. But perhaps I have been lucky, as I thought at the time that the captain was.

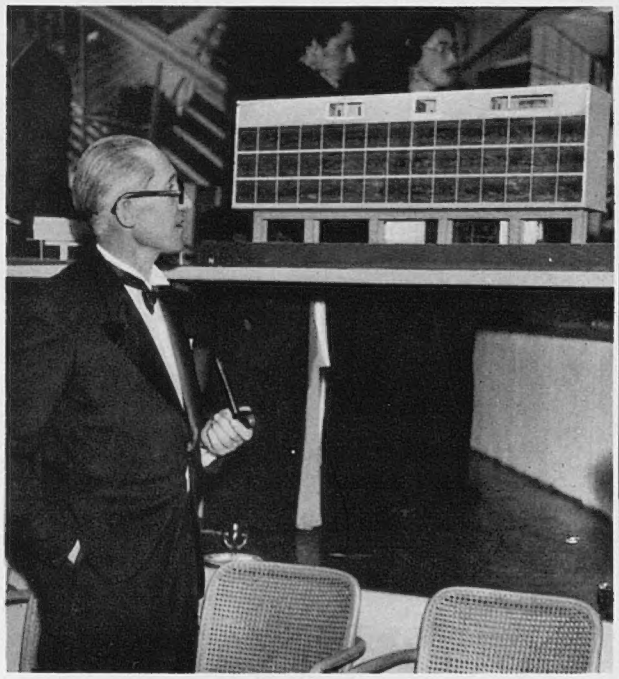
The Fiery Cross is circulating once again in the Highlands, and the opponents of the Caledonian Water Power Bill are gathering to the Standard. The Bill, which was thrown out last year by the Commons, and is now returning to the assault, is to promote the building of a carbide-factory at the head of the Great Glen. I have seen the desolation for hundreds of square miles in the lovely State of Montana, where the fumes from the chimneys of Butte have killed every tree and flower and blade of grass, and now I suppose I will see the glens of the Highlands go the same way. For I cannot believe that the beauty of the Highland scene will long hold out against Big Business.

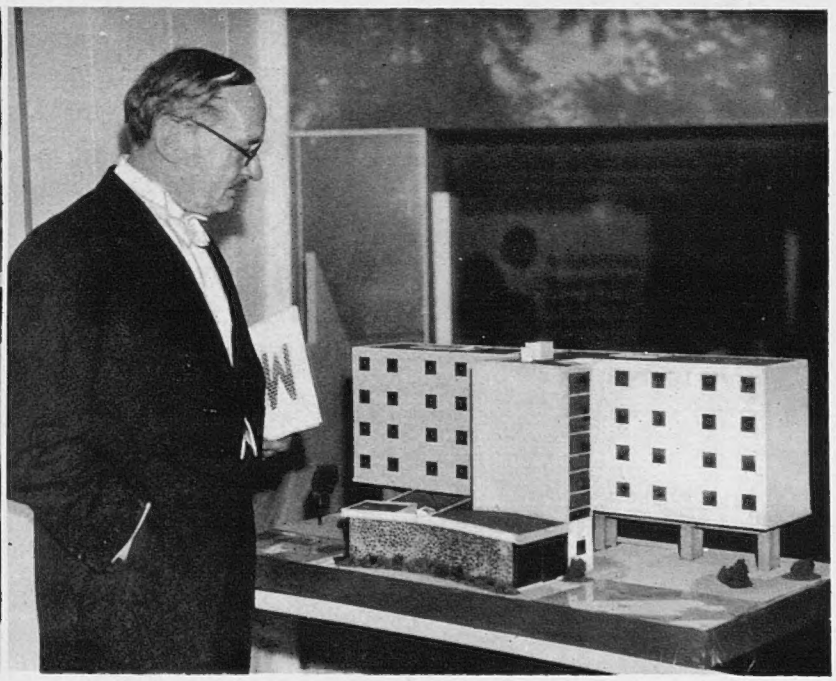
Fun and games were had by all last week at the Domestic Services Conference in Westminster, when the relative merits of being a housemaid and being a factory-worker were debated. Things ran fairly smoothly until a small lady jumped on to the platform and shouted "What do factory girls know of cooking a dinner?" Pandemonium ensued which proved, if anything, that there are live-wires in both honourable professions. Employers of domestic service might very well read some of the complaints against themselves. It might make some of them a little more thoughtful.

Mr. Tickler is dead, the man who made plum-and-apple jam for the troops during the war. In its obituary the *Telegraph and Post* says that "millions of British troops joked over the jam ration." Never was there such a mistake. Millions of British troops *spoke* about the jam ration. But never humorously.

"Auntie" *Times* has had a rush of blood to her venerable head. She has suddenly thrown aside that sweetly coy modesty which is typical of all that is best in the English character and than which no greater quality, etc., etc. . . . The old lady has looped up her skirts and is skipping about all over the place, blowing a brazen trumpet of antiquated pattern which belongs to her. On one day she executes a fanfare with a large advertisement announcing that her sports-writers are the finest in the land; on another it is her "expert critics" who "ably discuss" with an "astonishing variety and scope" in a way which "may well surprise the modern reader," the Entertainments of the day. "By common consent," bawls the old hussy, "the standard of film criticism is set by *The Times*." I wonder how that common consent was arrived at. But I have no doubt the modern reader was greatly surprised by the concert-notice which *The Times* published last week three days late with Miss Humby, the pianist, described throughout as Miss Hornby, or by the column a fortnight earlier in which the splendid work done in the last two years at the Q Theatre by Mr. Jack de Leon was ascribed to the credit of Mr. Leon M. Lion. Enough to surprise even an ancient reader.

In the Sackcloth and Ashes Department, I have to record that my recent description of Mr. Beverley Baxter, M.P., as the Sweet Singer of Saskatchewan is wrong. Mr. Baxter informed me in the Savoy Grill the other evening that he comes from Ontario. All those, however, who have heard that fine tenor voice will agree with me that I was right in the first part of the description.





The Mars Group Exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries

Monsieur Le Corbusier, French prophet of the new architecture, is looking at the back of his model design for the Swiss College in the Cité Universitaire at Paris

Lord Horder is looking at the front of M. Le Corbusier's model at the Mars Group's Exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries; Mars stands for Modern Architectural Research and the Society includes most of the best-known modern architects, designers, decorators

Snow Story of the Week

A Combination of Austria and Switzerland

Critchley Family Trio

Brig.-General A. C. Critchley, his daughter Ann and his son John lined up to ski on a lovely bright sunny St. Moritz morning

Miss Gweneth Butler Dropped Her Lunch

This skating star was going ski-ing for a change, took the bus to the Suvretta ski-lift, dropped her lunch box as she got out, and squatted unconcernedly down on the snowy road to re-pack the ham-rolls, oranges, apples and chocolate

Ready for Descent

Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills was just going to be led, in a party of a dozen ski-ers of all ages, down to Celerina by Mr. Louis Bromfield, who was obviously going to make them a gay guide

Scots, of Course

Sir Alastair Gordon-Cumming and Colonel Gordon Ramsay of Farleyer, were curling on the Suvretta rink, both wearing Highland Brigade ties

Walking Up a Hill

Sir Gifford and Lady Fox were trudging up the "rue de la Paix" above Suvretta, scorning the bus and getting their leg-muscles ready for coming down again: hardy and healthy

Son and Mother

Simon Weber-Brown and his mother, Mrs. "Buster" Weber-Brown, were standing beside the huge snow Father Christmas outside the Grand Hotel at Kitzbühl

Gräfin Isabella Lamberg Takes a Window View

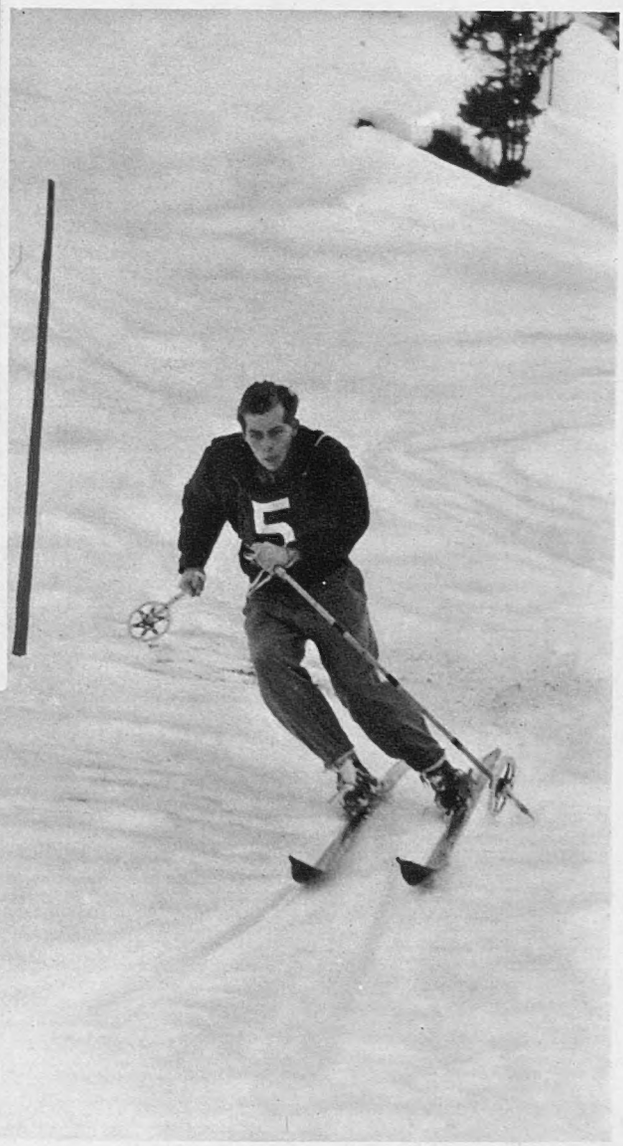
This lovely Austrian is the daughter of Gräfin Lamberg, of Schloss Kaps, in Kitzbühl; their ancestral home is now run as a guest house. The Lambergs have lived at the Schloss for centuries; that's their coat of arms on the left

Early Pupil

Mr. Leopold Lonsdale considers over his after-breakfast pipe the immediate prospect of early morning ski-school. He used to ride the Cresta at St. Moritz; now he skis at Kitzbühl

Beauties — One Broken

Mrs. Jock Hanbury and Mrs. Marguerite Allen, the English screen actress, were at Kitzbühl. The latter had the very bad luck to break her leg her first day out. She had a neat flannel suit to convalesce in



British Ski Champion

Right: Mr. R. E. Gardner is the new British ski champion, having won both the Downhill and Slalom events at Mürren where the championship was held. Last year it was an open event and a Swiss won it, but this year it was only for British competitors

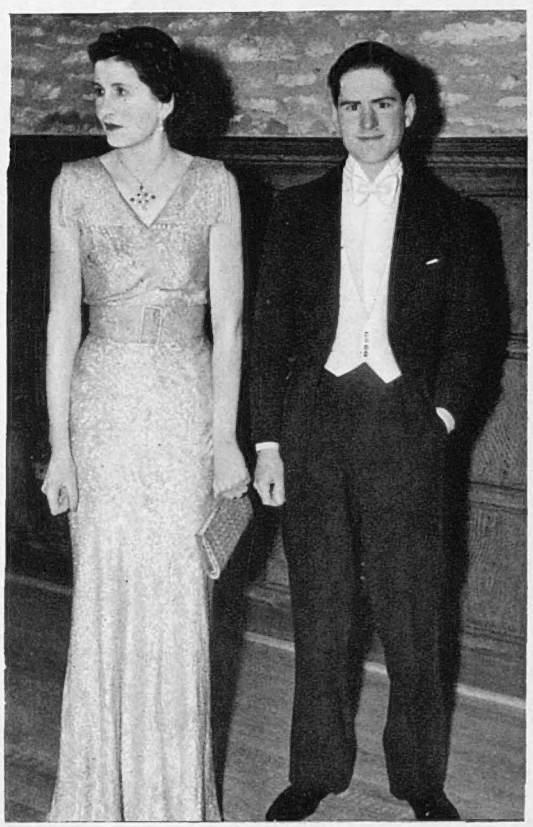
Social Register

FOUR WEDDINGS AND AN ENGAGEMENT

Mr. Kenneth and Miss Campbell

John Kenneth, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Kenneth, of Oakfield, Lochgilphead, Argyll, and Helen Campbell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Campbell, of 14, Latham Road, Cambridge, were married by the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles at Chelsea Old Church

A COUNTRY PARTY



Mrs. Glyn and Mr. Parker

Mrs. John Glyn was with the Master of the New College and Magdalen Beagles at their ball at Burford. Peter Parker's father, the Hon. Henry Parker, is the Earl of Macclesfield's brother

Capt. H. W. LLoyd and Miss Diana Brassey

Warrant Officers and N.C.O.s of the bridegroom's regiment, the Royals, formed a guard of honour at St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the wedding of Captain Humphrey William LLoyd and Miss Diana Brassey. He is the younger son of Brig.-Gen. A. H. O. LLoyd, of Leaton Knolls, Shrewsbury; she is the youngest daughter of Capt. Robert Brassey, of The Node, Hitchin, Herts. Major J. LLoyd was best man to his brother

Mr. Higgins

Peter Higgins and Kath- their engagement last and smilingly photo- of Captain and Mrs. Grenville, Droxford; she James Dunn and

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Bob Gregory (she was Valerie Brooke but "Princess Baba" places her better) were off by the Manhattan to America, where they are going to make a film—it's said of their own romance-story

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Gregory

Below: the Glentanar family are making a South Africa journey, starting off with a non-smoker on the Stirling Castle boat-train. Lord Glentanar, head of the Coats family, married his Norwegian wife in 1927; their daughter Jean, was born the next year

TRAVEL BUREAU

Lord and Lady Glentanar and Their Daughter

and Miss Dunn

leen Dunn announced week and were duly graphed. He is the son Rupert Higgins, of is the daughter of Sir Gertrude Lady Dunn

Capt. Forde and Miss Ward

Capt. Desmond Forde, Coldstream Guards, son of the late Major and Mrs. Forde, of Seaforde, Clough, and the Hon. Margaret Ward, youngest daughter of Viscount Bangor, Speaker of the Senate of N. Ireland, and Viscountess Bangor, were married at Ballyculter Parish Church

Mr. Sieff and Miss Fromson

Marcus Sieff, son of Mr. Israel Sieff, vice-chairman of Marks and Spencer, Ltd., and Mrs. Sieff, married Rosalie Fromson at the Caxton Hall Register Office. She is a former Dorchester Follies Girl

Major Fraser and Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, M.P.

Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Under Secretary to the Home Office, went to Germany last week to study air-raid precautions there, and then on to Paris to see how the French do it. He flew from Croydon, and Major Fraser, of the British Air Raid Precautions organisation, went with him

TWO CHRISTENINGS

Right: Sir Charles and Lady Higham's daughter was christened at the Chapel of the Savoy last Wednesday, and named Annabella Frances. Maurice Elvey, the film producer, was one of her five godparents

Annabella Frances Higham

Below: Camilla Roberts was christened at St. John's, Southwick Crescent. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Owen Roberts; her father is the son of the late Marshall Roberts, and her mother was Pat Charles before she married in 1936

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Isherwood and Auden Leave for China

Before leaving for China to inspect the third great civilising mission in the world since the Great War, Wystan Hugh Auden and Christopher Isherwood went along to be photographed. The rebel writers were also attended at Waterloo by pressmen and it seems that from now on they must accept themselves as news value: with notable exceptions, there is nobody the Great British Public likes so well as the people who tell it how rotten are its institutions and society. This Auden has done in poems and plays since leaving Christ Church, Oxford, ten years ago; and last month he went to Buckingham Palace to receive the King's Gold Medal for Poetry. He collaborated with Isherwood in *The Dog Beneath the Skin*, which ran in 1936, and *The Ascent of F.6*, last year. Isherwood is in the Spring lists with *Lions and Shadows*. The collaborators hope to write a new play for the Group Theatre, as well as a travel book, while away

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Mourning Becomes Electra" (New)

THE commercial success of this production has been one of the major surprises of the theatrical season. Imagine trying to make a case for its presentation with the average hard-headed manager. Enthusiast: "It is a tragedy." Manager: "That 's bad." Enthusiast: "It is a trilogy." Manager: "That 's appalling." Enthusiast: "It starts at seven." Manager: "That 's out of the question." Enthusiast: "But it is a remarkably fine play." Manager: "My dear sir, what is the good of putting on a remarkably fine play if the public won't go?"

Enthusiast: "But *you*, my dear manager, would be able to go. Think of that! If you are worth your salt as a manager, there should be plays you are dying to see acted, and which you feel you *must* put on, just as a writer writes something because he feels he *must* write it, letting the public response take its chance." Manager: "That 's all very well—you forget that it doesn't cost the writer anything as it costs me." A vain defence. Not improbably in the case of a play it has cost the playwright six months. Which is half the manager's annual income.

IT is quite certain that Mr. Anmer Hall did not decide to present *Mourning Becomes Electra* at the Westminster, whence it has now been transferred to the New, because he thought the public would go. He presented it because, being an artist-manager, he had the urge. For which urge let us be duly grateful. Imperfections there may be in *Mourning Becomes Electra*. Mr. Eugene O'Neill, before the night is over, has hammered home too insistently the teachings received from psycho-analytical text-books. But a fine work of art is to be judged by its merits, not by its defects. This dramatic epic is a tremendous piece of work. To take the story of the House of Atreus, to translate it into terms of New England just after the Civil War, and to leave it unreduced in scale, undiminished in strength and grandeur, is a feat that could only be accomplished by a master.

Murder and suicide by Robert Harris and Beatrix Lehmann

Sketches by Rouson

Murderer turned victim by Reginald Tate

Prelude to murder by Mark Dignam and Laura Cowie

ONE of the exciting things about big plays is, of course, that they give us a chance to see big acting, and here, in this production, are two performances of such impressive size that if one had never seen either of the actresses before and so become aware of their capacity to achieve lesser heights when required, we might be hailing them as the discoveries of the moment. Miss Laura Cowie as the modern Clytemnestra and Miss Beatrix Lehmann as the modern Electra stamp such a deep impression on the mind that they might almost be masks out of Greek tragedy—Miss Cowie huge in her attack, ominous in her distractions, mercilessly determined; Miss Lehmann set, bitter, worm-eaten, nursing her anguish, biding her time. In the duel between these two lies the fundamental appeal of the play, for even though the Freudian relationship is somewhat too obviously laid bare for inspection, the drama of the situation comes again and again to the rescue.

The encounter over the death-bed of Agamemnon must be one of the strongest and starkest scenes ever presented on the stage.

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Don't shout. He's sitting just behind you"

MISSING the Earth on October 30th by only five hours and a half, a minor planet named Reinmuth 1937 was due for a return spin in our direction a few days ago, but nothing came of it. Had Reinmuth 1937 hit us the first time, said one expert, it might possibly have wiped out half the life on the earth, causing gigantic earthquakes and tidal waves over all the surface of the globe; but as this particular expert was speaking three months afterwards it may be that, as experts do, he was giving sweet Fancy the rein. What arrided us was one of the Sunday picture papers the day after the news broke. Two "splash" news-stories equally divided its front page, one the story of a narrow escape from annihilation of Mother Earth, the other a sob-story about a typist who eloped to Gretna Green; which demonstrates (a) what we've often tried quietly to explain to you, namely, that Fleet Street values are peculiar, and also, probably, (b) the truth of what Wells says somewhere about the modern newspaper public being so sated with sensation that the news that the earth had split in half like a rotten apple would hardly bring a sparkle of interest to its big white face.

There are moments when one feels that Reinmuth 1937 might not have brought this world unmixed disaster. There are also less grey moments when one feels Reinmuth 1937 held back deliberately at the last moment for fear of being accused by the survivors of plagiarising Wells and wilfully reviving memories of the havoc scenes in *Things To Come*, which on Charles Graves's calculation cost Mr. Korda £3000 a minute of its running time of 90 minutes. Slogger Macdonell having vilified us in print as "a fussy old gentleman" for our nervous attitude to British films, we may add that we thought a lot of *Things To Come* was a vision of beauty. But, to adapt Dorothy Parker's celebrated theatre-notice generally, the worst of many British films is that the Vision Beautiful unfortunately turns out to be just part of the Film Lousy.

"She's got eyes like moonlight on still water"

Liberal, Huh?

A SILVER-GILT loving-cup is all the Liberal sects, Simonite, Sinclairite, Buchmanite, Hivite, Bakelite, Jebusite, and Fleabite, temporarily united for that purpose, could run to for the golden wedding of the big white chief, Mr. Lloyd George; which can't have set them back much. We know something about these things, having gone into the matter a few years ago with some twenty others. There was a question of a sixtieth birthday gift for a man we all greatly loved and admired (and do still). Silver-gilt—pooh! Not on your life! We gave him a fine drinking-cup of pure gold, chalice-shaped, with a slender stem, worthy to be filled continuously with vintage Chambertins and having presented it in due form we all drank his health from it in turn at a great agape or love-feast appointed for that purpose, at which there was much merriment and also singing. It says very little for the Liberal boys' feeling for the Great Leader that they can fob him off with a cup of silver-gilt, the stuff people give trick-bicyclists. The measly hounds! But yet how typical of the thin-faced, starved, chilly, drab, blinking, peptonised, teetotal, fish-blooded, Liberal character! Faugh! Ugh! The richer the Whig the worse the prig, as Dr. Johnson said. If we were the Big Bezusus we'd have a jeweller examine that cup next day.

Excuse these transports of honest disgust. The incident confirms our belief that Liberals are incapable of love in any of its forms.

Refuse Imitations

NEVER, probably, since the purchase at the British taxpayer's expense of the Codex Sinaiaticus threw the nation into such a high state of apathy has there been such unexcitement among the populace as has been demonstrated over the four (presumed) Giorgione panels just bought by the National Gallery for £14,000. Naturally as soon as the news broke, a few experts rose joyfully and said they aren't by Giorgione at all, but by one of his pupils, Borachio or Pasticcio or Adagio or Little Elsie Trotter or somebody. We wouldn't know enough to barge into such a controversy, except to suggest shyly that if a thing is beautiful in itself it doesn't matter a great deal who painted or sculped it, just as it doesn't matter who wrote Shakespeare's plays. But the mumbo-jumbo of the Label persists, and keeps up prices.

It has always seemed to us one mark of the essential quality of the men of the Thirteenth Century, that peak-point

of our civilisation, that they never troubled to sign the huge miraculous Gothic cathedrals they built and glorified up and down Europe. Very few of their names have been discovered. Chartres is a famous example. The creators of the Gothic didn't give a damn, in fact, for publicity, whereas to-day every silly little hat women wear for a month and chuck away is "signed" by some milliner, hungry for *réclame*. (And if you look closely, you 'll find we sign this weekly bit of sterling prose twice, to make sure). The obvious deduction to any thinker of the Coulton-Barnes school is that the Thirteenth-Century men were not only evil, dirty and knavish, but plumb fools as well by any decent modern business standard. We must be crazy to admire them.

Test 2

JUSTICES SHALLOW and Silent so frequently give tongue to moronisms in our police courts that the recent decision of the magistrates at Wells, Somerset, that a private car conveying an injured person from the scene of an accident to his home is an "ambulance," and not subject to speed regulations in a restricted area, deserves a big hand. As an A.A. official said, expert legal opinion might conflict over this decision (as it might equally over the decision that two and two make four on a Friday night in Iceland), but ordinary common-sense is all for it. However, since it 's a pity to deprive the legal boys of their prey, we suggest that the next test case should involve conveying a *mentally* injured person in a private car and ignoring the police gong. Any red and angry stockbroker who has just been insulted in a golf club bar would do as a patient. The defence would be that he had suffered grave mental and spiritual injury and had to be taken home as quickly as possible. Counsel for the police would instantly reply that mental or spiritual injury to a stockbroker is ipso facto impossible, and don't make me laugh. Psychiatrists would then be called by the police to put the patient through a few confirmatory tests, Harley Street specialists would be called by the other side to prove them fools and charlatans, whacking fees would pile up for all the experts, the case would ultimately reach the House of Lords, and there 'd be happiness and prosperity all round.

Not that it 's necessary to go to such lengths solely to secure happiness and prosperity—they 're with us now. All the politicians and most of the big business boys say so, and even America is recovering from that depression it never had, according to the big boys. So hey.

Alarum

THE Temple was buzzing like a hive the other evening. There had been a small fire in a basement in Middle Temple Lane, and when the fire engines got to the Strand entrance they found they couldn't reach the fire through the gateway, and had to go round to the Embankment entrance. No lawyers got singed and there was no smell of burning horsehair (the Devil's favourite perfume), but many of the Temple boys could not help feeling that a really big fire in those precincts might result in irreparable loss to the State. Mixing now and again with lawyers, but being very careful to let the association stop at a drink or two, we can say that only two things really get the Temple hopping with rage and fear—one the possibility of a holocaust, the other the possibility that the world may get better and crime may cease. (The old Inns of Court custom of touching wood when you meet a clergyman springs from this.) In many a suite of pleasant old panelled chambers round Pump Court way any outbreak of virtue reported by the evening papers in Czechoslovakia or somewhere will plunge a whole nest or litter of lawyers into bitter misanthropy. They always think it may spread.

Craft

EVERYONE who esteems that ace of all secret service yarns, *The Riddle of the Sands*, by Erskine Childers, must have been pleased to hear that the homely little yacht Dulcibella, in which Carruthers and Davies bumped so valorously around the desolate East Frisian sands all those years ago—about 1903, wasn't it ?—stumbled on the scheme for the invasion of England, and ended by marooning the All-Highest himself, is still afloat somewhere in Norfolk, and is likely to be reconditioned as a memorial to Childers. *The Riddle of the Sands* is still a thriller, and hardly dates, except that its people use telegrams where we use the telephone. It 's a yarn you always remember and return to, with all the more relish because the author so obviously knows his stuff.

Childers was himself a personage out of the ordinary, one of those quixotic, passionate, idealist Englishmen who take up causes and fight for them, and are deemed crazy by other Englishmen. He was locked up in a German fortress before the Great War for doing sleuth work for England. A few years later, his convictions and passion for justice having driven him to take sides with the Irish, England shot him for a traitor. Perhaps Ireland in her independence remembers him.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"D' you think he 's one of the chaps in the show ?"

Films of the Day

Triple Laurels to the French

By George Campbell

THE world, said a Frenchman, is divided into Paris and the Provinces. He lived before the movie age, but the definition still holds good. The more one sees of the average English and American film, the more pleasurably this department awaits the latest importation from Paris. It may not be good, though the chances are it will be; but at least one can rely on its being informed with a definite philosophy, documented with innumerable little touches revealing a shrewd and honest observation. Good or bad, it deals with life; it is aimed at the adult intelligence instead of the mental age of thirteen, which is the avowed target of the British and American producer.

Above all, it has style. Only an imbecile could confuse the work of René Clair, Sacha Guitry and Julien Duvivier. In England, since Alexander Korda's duties as producer and financier got in the way of direction, only one director, Alfred Hitchcock, has any marked individuality; and even Hitchcock's style is often recognisable rather for its defects than its virtues. Whenever you see a funny little man caress a canary lovingly while removing a packet from the cage, you know that the packet is high explosive, and the director Mr. Hitchcock. Whenever you see a Cockney barber cut a customer's throat from ear to ear, and turn with mock dismay to his assistant saying: "Why, Ted, I almost nicked 'im," then that is Mr. Hitchcock, too.

THREE out of the four new films are French. They are all expertly made, all brilliantly directed and acted, all scrupulously honest—by which I mean that they paint human nature as it is, instead of as it should be. In *La Grande Illusion*, *La Belle Equipe*, and *Gribouille*, you will find no hundred-per-cent. heroes, and only two characters that are really unpleasant—the young man in *Gribouille* who tries to blackmail the girl into acquiescence, and the gold-digging wife in *La Belle Equipe*; and even they are human and credible. The English novelist who tried to carry on the Victorian tradition of male heroism and female virtue, of blackest villainy opposed to snowy innocence, would be ridiculed as an idiot. On the English screen the tradition still flourishes; in America, though dying, it lingers on. Only in France are both fiction and films strictly contemporary. That, I think, is the most important of several reasons why the number of really significant films made each year in France is out of all proportion to the total output.

"LA GRANDE ILLUSION" is a tale of war in which you see no warfare. The scene is a prisoners' camp in Germany, the characters half a dozen Frenchmen of different types and classes, and the German officer in command. The two aristocrats, French and German, naturally gravitate towards each other. Gentlemen and professional soldiers both, they chat of mutual friends and old times when they rode in English steeplechases. The barrier of race between them is not nearly so effective as the barrier of class between the Frenchman and his comrades—the rollicking bourgeois and the ostentatious but good-hearted Jew.

The international spirit is emphasised by the brief love story. *La Grande Illusion* was made, I imagine, with one eye on the German market. Generous though it is to the German characters, I can hardly see the Herr Doktor Goebbels passing a picture with a German heroine who shelters two escaped French prisoners of war.

Jean Renoir's direction, strong yet almost nonchalantly easy, proves that *Underworld* was no flash in the pan. The atmosphere is vivid, but never over-coloured; the disintegrating influence of prolonged captivity and fear is movingly brought out in the hysterical quarrel between the two fugitives, one still active, the other lame; and there is both subtlety and truth in the scene where the bourgeois tries to thank the aristocrat for his self-sacrifice, only to be rebuffed with a smile and a polite explanation that there is nothing personal in his gesture; he would do as much for anybody.

Pierre Fresnay plays de Boeldieu with rare distinction; Erich von Stroheim, too seldom seen these days, is admirable as the German; Jean Gabin, the French Spencer Tracy, plays the roughneck; and Dita Parlo is quite perfect in the small but important part of the kindly, lonely German woman, snatching a moment's happiness where she finds it.

JEAN GABIN has a leading part again in Duvivier's *La Belle Equipe*. Like *Un Carnet de Bal*, *La Belle Equipe* offers us comedy and tragedy inextricably mingled. The high spirits and camaraderie of the early scenes cannot be sustained. The men who have pooled their lottery winnings to build a café are fond of each other, mean to stick together. But life is too much for them; for one reason or another the "gang" break up, the craft so bravely launched goes down on the rocks of necessity and self-interest.

"GRIBOUILLE" is lighter hearted—the story of a simpleton who befriends a pretty girl charged with having killed her lover, and how his kindly gesture nearly wrecks his life and family. The court scenes, while never farcical, are extraordinarily funny, and Raimu's character-study is superb.

WITH *Man Proof* one escapes from the world of reality into Hollywood's dreamland. The characters are smoothly played by Myrna Loy, Rosalind Russell, Franchot Tone, and Walter Pidgeon, the dialogue is witty and the whole thing awfully "natural" and "sophisticated." Which does not alter the fact that it never happened. *Man Proof* might have been evolved by a team of witty, ingenuous people who had jumped straight from seventeen to seventy without ever knowing what it was to be grown up.

Men Fall Out in "La Belle Equipe"

That potent axis for a French film story, the successful lottery ticket, is used in "La Belle Equipe" (Berkeley). Five down-and-outs, the merry gang of the title, decide to invest their winnings in building a café, and the story tells how they have all quarrelled or parted by the opening-night. Directed by Duvivier, it shows Jean Gabin as one of the boys, Vivianne Romance as one of the causes of their disintegration

Men Are Brought Together In "La Grande Illusion"

Renoir's prize film is about a prison camp in war-time Germany, and treats of the mixed bag brought within its walls. These three belong to the same (French) army, are confined together, but have little else in common: Dalio plays rich Jew Rosenthal, Jean Gabin plays Maréchal, mechanic from the ranks, Pierre Fresnay plays de Boeldieu, aristocrat and regular Army officer. All three French films from which these pictures are taken are reviewed by Mr. Campbell opposite

Gribouille, the simpleton, the man who went into the pond to keep out of the rain, is the character personified by Raimu in the film to which it gives its name. His son (Gilbert Gil), seen with him here, falls in love with a girl his father brings home after securing her acquittal in a murder trial

This is the girl (Michele Morgan), seen with her counsel (Jacques Gretillat) before juror Gribouille saves her; the court scene is a masterly piece of production, full of human and humorous touches. Waves in the Gribouille family millpond caused by the acquitted girl are smoothed out before the last reel. The film is at the Curzon

Men Fall Out and Make It Up Again in "Gribouille"

Hollywood and Nearby

Paulette Goddard on a Hill

Paulette Goddard was playing golf (in very high-heeled shoes) round the Riviera Country Club course at Los Angeles. Charles Chaplin made her his leading lady in "Modern Times," and his wife afterwards

Beatrice Lillie on a Truck

Beatrice Lillie was standing on a luggage-truck outside Paramount's Stage 4; she was making "Doctor Rhythm," with Bing Crosby. Charles Blake Cochran reported that he was attempting to get her released from contracts out there so that she could play in one of his three new shows

Charlie Chaplin and Alice Marble on a Court

Alice Marble, who still ranks number one amongst America's women tennis players and holds our doubles title, was with Charlie Chaplin on the tennis court at his Beverly Hills estate. Chaplin recently denied rumours that the "funny little man" of his early films was never to be seen again

The Hon. Mrs. de Levingne on Honeymoon

Mrs. Dudley de Levingne is Lord and Lady Greenwood's daughter, was Angela Greenwood, married Lady Castlerosse's brother, went to California for a honeymoon, was photographed there at the Goebels lion farm, where fierce animals are kept for jungle scenes: no connection with Dr. Josef Goebbels

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 56

George Eyston

No wonder George Eyston, the quickest man on land, took up motoring and mechanics. As a child he had such a surfeit of coaching and horses and hunting that the reaction to other kinds of h.p. was almost inevitable. Even as an apprentice before the war, he helped to look after the first five aeroplanes of the R.F.C.

That was after going to Stonyhurst and before joining the R.F.A. in 1914. The war over he went up to Cambridge for the short course in engineering, but found time to be captain of the first Trinity boat, and to row head of the river in Lents and second in Mays. Shooting, fishing, boating, and lawn tennis are others of his hobbies, though he seldom has time for them now. From Cambridge he joined the staff of J. Stone and Co. on the sales side of their marine department. It was during his four years there that he bought a couple of Aston Martins and started to burn up Brooklands. On one occasion he was nearly burnt up himself—in France. His car caught fire at 100 m.p.h. Having slowed it down to 70 m.p.h., he jumped clear and only cracked his collar-bone. On another occasion, when going at 120, his engine broke in half and the car started to roar backwards. That wasn't so hot, either. It was in 1927 that he definitely entered the international speed-bid field, and since then he has broken 250 records, including the world's one-hour record; the world's 24-hour record (twice), and the world's 48-hour record (ditto). This is despite the fact that he was gassed in the war and has to wear spectacles. When, the other day, he smashed the world's speed record at Utah, he had to do it in a car with a tail which he knew was too short and on a track with a railway line at one end and a bog at the other. It took him only one and a-half minutes to reach top speed—by which time he had covered 6 miles. "It 's all a question of judgment," he says quietly. "The chief impression you get at high speed is that the ground is being swallowed up in front of you and that the air pressure and air noises are terrific. At 320 m.p.h. they are almost insupportable."

George Eyston hates making speeches and admires Jean Batten's confident flow of talk; likes to fly (he got his ticket in 1917); seldom drinks more than lager. He keeps himself fit by walking, and now looks forward to a real rest before taking his car to bits and seeing what made it tick, so to speak. This will involve about four months' work. After which he will, no doubt, re-assemble it, with four axles and a longer tail. He seems entirely fearless, looks like an architect or a Fellow of All Souls, and lives in Kensington. But perhaps the most interesting thing about him is that he is the only speed ace who makes a real living out of it. Most of them—no names, no pack drill—lose a fortune. George Eyston makes it pay.

Charles Graves

Portrait of the Countess of Eldon

Lady Eldon is Scottish, very tall and slight, with a serene Madonna face. She is Lord Lovat's eldest sister, was the Hon Magdalen Fraser; she married Lord Eldon four years ago when she was twenty-one, and they have one son born in April last year, christened John Joseph Nicholas, and by courtesy Viscount Encombe. The Eldons live in Hampshire—their house near Winchester is called Longwood, and they have also a flat in London. Lord Eldon was appointed a Lord-in-Waiting to the King last year. The elder of Lady Eldon's two sisters, the Hon. Veronica Fraser, will be eighteen and a debutante of this year

Anthony

Mrs. Keith Newall—Music and Ballet Hostess

Mrs. Keith Newall is one of the most attractive-looking and charming people in that world where music, ballet and society meet. She goes a great deal to the opera, but even more to the ballet, never misses a first night at Covent Garden or Sadler's Wells, and entertains a good deal during the Russian season at Covent Garden. She is now on the committee of the Vic-Wells Ballet Fund for developing and enlarging the national company and school. She also works hard for a big East End welfare centre. Her husband is on the Stock Exchange, she has an attractive ex-debutante daughter, Miss Armida Macindoe, by her first marriage, and she has just moved house—from Great Cumberland Place to Sussex Lodge, Sussex Place

As the Prince of a Fairy-tale Classic

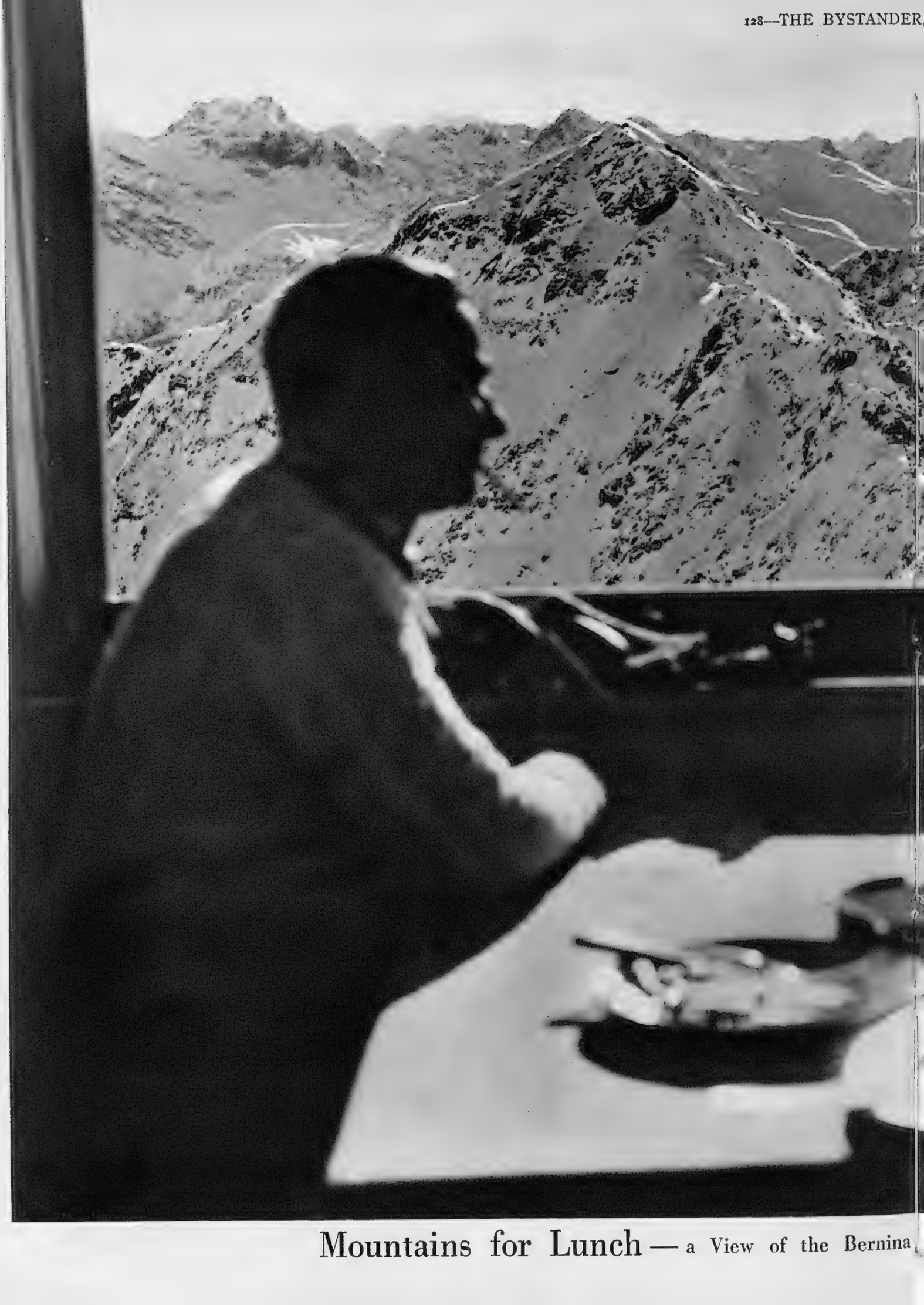
In a Sadler's Wells ballet season notable for the advance in the work of individual members of the company, Harold Turner's dancing has been one of the outstanding successes. Technically he has always been strong; this year he has reached a new high level of virtuosity, and at the same time there is now a lyrical quality in his dancing, particularly in his classical work, which gives it a far greater emotional significance. And dramatically the same sort of change has taken place. The comedy of *Barabau*, the gaiety of *Les Patineurs*, the music-hall burlesque of *Façade* were easy to him; what he can do with a serious dramatic part he has shown in *Checkmate*, where he has built-up his role as the Red Knight enormously since the ballet was first given, revealing a new expressiveness and power in his acting. Turner has now also become a teacher of dancing; he opened a studio in Hampstead a month or so ago

Harold Turner in "Casse Noisette"

Harold Turner in a Classical and a Modern Ballet

Photographs by Anthony

As the Red Knight in "Checkmate"



Mountains for Lunch — a View of the Bernina

Norman Parkinson

Group Through the Window of the Weissfluhjoch Restaurant

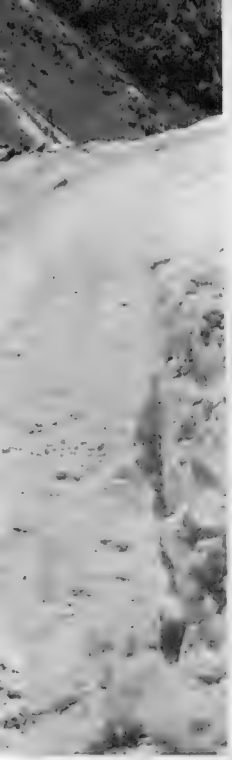
SNOW HOLIDAY:

No. 4. The Parsenn

Below are two ski-ers starting off to do one of the Parsenn runs, stemming down the path from the Weissfluhjoch station and restaurant which is often a beaten icy prologue to the Parsenn ski-fields. A little further on they must turn left down the well-tracked slope. The one in front already looks a little shaky at the thought. The man with the very long sticks in the picture on the right takes it differently; his weight is all on his back—perhaps he was going camping for the week-end . . .

The "Take-Off" for the Run—Stemming Down the Path from Weissfluhjoch

Photographs by Norman Parkinson



Right: a trio of ski-ers preparing for a practice run down the standard route from Weissfluhjoch. "I'm not taking it so fast to-day," announces the man on the right

Below is a view of part of the Parsenn ski-fields. The tracks on the left are on the Kublis run and those on the right are headed for Klosters. There are over twenty longer runs from Weissfluhjoch over these famous snow-fields, taking an average time of anything from an hour to four hours, the longer ones usually including some climbing. The standard run which lies alongside the railway is just over two miles long; the difficult lower part, about seven-eighths of a mile, has been done in a record time of 1·59 minutes. The Parsenn Derby course on the other hand, is over eight miles long with a fall of 6561 feet. The Parsenn Service is the organisation that marks out the runs and looks after ski-ers in trouble. The Parsenn Patrol, always on the move, can be reached by telephone from various points on the run, and crippled or broken ski-ers are whizzed down the rest of their run on a light sleigh behind a guide on skis—an experience said to be as alarming as descending on his own skis is for an indifferent performer

Brains Behind Plays

Photographs by Angus McBean

Norman Marshall of the Gate Theatre

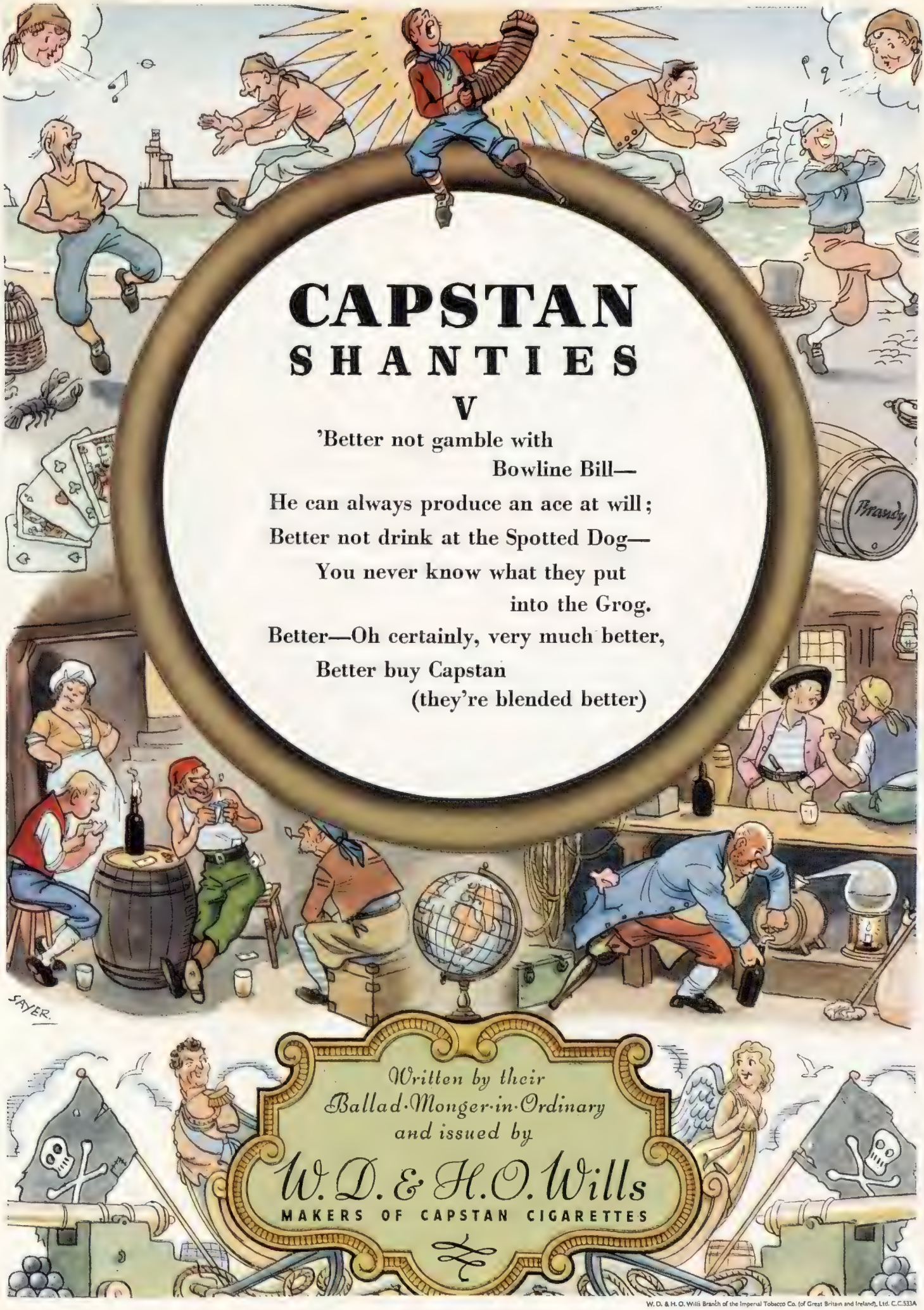
Michael McOwan of the Westminster

Michel Saint-Denis of the London Theatre Studio

Michel Saint-Denis came to England with the Compagnie des Quinze (he founded it), produced John Gielgud in "Noah," an English version of one of their greatest plays, and settled here with the London Theatre Studio, which he founded in 1935, as his background. Last autumn he produced "Macbeth" at the Old Vic, and now he is just finishing his work on "The Three Sisters," third play of John Gielgud's season, which starts at the Queen's on Friday

Norman Marshall took over the direction of the Gate Theatre in 1934, and has continued and increased the success of that tiny but brilliant club, which has become theatrically world-famous since Peter Godfrey founded it in 1925. "Victoria Regina" and "The Children's Hour" have been among Mr. Marshall's best-known productions, and then there are the Christmas revues, the 1937 version of which is still running its amusing and impertinent way

Michael McOwan has been producing at the Westminster since Anmer Hall started running it as a repertory theatre. His work was of a consistent excellence last season ("A Month in the Country," "The Wild Duck" and "Anna Christie" were among the successes). This year he has produced "Mourning Becomes Electra," now removed to the New, and Ben Jonson's "Volpone," which began its run last night



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"Bystander" Short Story No. 123

Portrait of a Banker

By Walter Brooks

Illustration by Clark Fay

THIS story is about a girl named Jane Tyrell who ran a tea-room on upper Madison Avenue. She hadn't been at it very long so she didn't have that dazed and wistful look that tea-shop proprietors get after a while. She was a slim pretty dark girl who would have looked discontented if she had had time. Not that she really was discontented for she made enough to pay the butcher's bills and keep the man from turning off the current each month and that is success in the tea-room business. Indeed she was very good at her job for she realised that the last thing that people who eat out all the time are interested in is good food so her chairs were comfortable and her lighting intimate and her linen and china expensive and her service neat and unobtrusive. So it didn't matter that the customer couldn't tell by the taste what he was eating. He could always look it up on the bill of fare. When she wanted a good meal herself she went to a one-arm lunch across the street.

Well quite a number of Jane's customers were in love with her which was good for business because they came often and ate little. She really tried to discourage them as much as she could but being men nothing short of a charge of buckshot could have permanently blasted their hopes. Even the most decrepit and ill-favoured kept trustfully on making little passes.

But Jane was in love herself. She was in love with one of two men and she didn't know which. For a long time she had been sort of engaged to a Mr. Harvey Mason who was a good artist and might have been a successful one if he had ever been able to make up his mind. He had started with pen and ink then worked up through water colour and landscapes in oil to murals and after shooting off into sculpture to do a rather lumpy war memorial for some town in Pennsylvania was now experimenting with portraits. He had done one of Jane which looked quite a lot like her.

Well Mr. Mason was exciting and he was always darting off to Paris or Tiflis or some interesting place and returning with a lot of swell sketches in crayon or shoe blacking or some hitherto untried medium and Jane would probably have married him in the end. But recently Mr. Judson Graves had loomed up. Mr. Graves was a banker and though young had already played golf with some very important people. He had come like most New Yorkers from Absalom Corners N.Y. and as Jane had come from Palooka Falls Wis. they had a common background which was lacking in the case of Mr. Mason who had been brought up in Philadelphia. Mr. Graves worked this semi-rural bond in his rather solemn way for all it was worth and Jane found him comfortable and thought it would indeed be swell to be mistress of the big Long Island house in a spacious atmosphere of dogs and horses and bank presidents. And yet somehow it was not very stirring.

She grabbed a paint rag and smeared the still wet canvas into a Turner sunset

WELL Jane had not concealed her banking interest from Mr. Mason but Mr. Mason didn't worry much about it and when he saw in the paper that Miss Jane Tyrell had been a week-end guest at Mr. Judson Graves' palatial home Willow-bank he just laughed and said if she enjoyed that sort of thing it was all right with him and probably it was nice for her to get some really good food for a change. He came into the tea-room nearly every evening for dinner and Jane usually sat down with him at his table for a while and he kidded her about Mr. Graves. Until finally she got mad. And she said You know Harvey I don't think Jud Graves is so darn funny as all that. Darling said Mr. Mason that 's the one thing about you I can't understand—that you 're impressed by this wart just because he has a dollar sign in front of him. There are a number of things you don't understand said Jane and one is that calling my friends warts doesn't specially endear you to me. I tell the truth as I see it said Mr. Mason. Which only proves to me that you 're cockeyed said Jane. I bet you wouldn't speak as coarsely as that to Mr. Graves said Mr. Mason. And then he looked at her and shook his head. Good lord ! he said. A banker ! Well said Jane what 's wrong with bankers ? Wait a minute she said quickly I don't want you to go into your monologue about art smothered under the luxurious pillows of capitalism because this is a personal question and what do you really know about Jud's personality ? He has no personality said Mr. Mason only a table of interest rates. And then he laughed and said I really mean it darling for I know these fellows and even if they start as human beings the little figures get into the blood and then into the brain and the personality slowly withers. Why it 's started in Graves he said. Look at the name of his country house. Willow*bank* ! You can't get away from it my dear.

Well Jane looked at him for a minute and then she said O pooh ! and got up and went out into the kitchen. So Mr. Mason finished his dinner and then he went out after her and said Look Jane nobody can say I haven't an open mind and so why don't you bring this I mean your friend Graves to my cocktail party Friday ? O no said Jane

(*Concluded on page* iv)

Around Pinewood Studios

The Managing Director at Work

Captain the Hon. Richard Norton, late Scots Guards and future Lord Grantley, is the managing director of Pinewood Studios, Ltd. He has a high desk and a low armchair in a white panelled room where he gets entangled with three telephones

On the left is George Smith, chief of the props-shop, here at work on decorative trees for a new Tom Walls' picture; below his picture is Dorrie Hamilton, one of the world's few women make-up chiefs

Mr. George Smith

Miss Dorrie Hamilton

Star and Stand-In

The star is Evelyn Dall, the tiny platinum crooner from Ambrose's band; she is playing in "Kicking the Moon Around," the biggest musical yet to be made in England. Her stand-in is Tessa Gee, dressed here as a cloakroom attendant

Mr. Walter Forde

Is the director of "Kicking the Moon Around," latest of his several pictures. He has old-world manners and a devoted wife who sits beside him when he directs

Miss Valerie Hobson and Mr. Havelock-Allan

Valerie Hobson was visiting Pinewood from Denham, where she was making the technicolour "The Drum." Tony Havelock-Allan is on Pinewood's management side. They were lunching in the restaurant which was once Colonel Grant Morden's ball-room

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Ethel Smyth on Maurice Baring : By Alan Thomas

NOT often does a writer—be he poet, playwright, novelist or journalist—have a volume written about his life and works during his own life-time. There are a few obvious instances, but as a rule the biographer waits till his subject is dead. However, if anyone can be trusted to break a rule (always for the best of reasons) it is Dame Ethel Smyth ; and it is because she feels that the nature and diversity of Maurice Baring's literary output has not been sufficiently realised or recognised either in this country or in France (though across the Channel he has been accorded a greater position as a novelist than over here) that she has taken the bull by the horns and given us a full-length analysis of all his works. Her book, entitled *Maurice Baring* (Heinemann ; 15*s*.), begins with a short biographical sketch—ending at the year 1914—in which she underlines what seem to her to have been decisive factors in Mr. Baring's life. After that starts the analysis of his works—the poetical dramas, the plays, the novels—and a couple of sections containing extracts from correspondence between Baring and his friends (among them Vernon Lee, Lawrence of Arabia and the authoress herself). Dame Ethel, as is natural since she writes as an admirer, hands her subject a good many bouquets, though in one case she heaves at him what she amusingly describes as " half a brick made of felt." But if the praise is in places a bit too indiscriminate, Dame Ethel's book should nevertheless achieve the purpose for which it was written : the style of her composition alone—*vivace* and *con moto* and slow movements suitably omitted—will ensure its popularity.

" INTERIOR decoration," writes Mr. Derek Patmore in his *Decoration for the Small Home* (Putnam ; 10*s*. 6*d*.), " is a difficult and elusive art." As one of its foremost exponents, he should know ; but in his book he so neatly expounds first principles and so clearly suggests the right guiding lines that he almost persuades us that the decoration and furnishing of a small house is a simple business. But that, I think, is just where Mr. Patmore excels. He has a talent for writing for the inexpert, that is, for the vast majority of us. He is not afraid of stating the obvious : with him we start, so to speak, from scratch. In his excellent chapter on the small bedroom, for example, he reiterates the truism that a bedroom asks for quiet and repose : and with that as the basic idea he builds up a number of delightful and practical schemes. He deals in like manner with living-rooms, dining-rooms, kitchens and bathrooms, and he is even fertile with suggestions for small entrance halls. All his ideas are practical and none of them bigoted ; while he confesses enthusiasm for modern furnishing, partly because it calls for creative ability, he is equally helpful with ideas for period decoration. No one will expect to agree with all he writes : my particular aversion was his design for a dining-room in which the walls are painted to resemble beige pine panelling. But in the main his taste is impeccable. Mr. Patmore has other chapters on the planning and decoration of a country cottage, and is most informative on the use of colour and fabrics. I cannot imagine a more helpful or comprehensive guide than *Decoration for the Small Home*, and it deserves to be the primary text-book for everyone who contemplates house-furnishing. With it one cannot go far wrong.

AND now I come to a book that takes one's breath away, partly through excitement, partly through exasperation. I refer to Stevie Smith's *Over the Frontier* (Jonathan Cape ; 7*s*. 6*d*.). I will not attempt to describe it, any more than I would attempt to describe what goes on in the minds of some of our young poets of to-day. You read what they write (or not as the case may be), you blink, go back to the beginning again and start re-reading, your thoughts wander off, you try to remember what you ate that 's disagreed with you : and then all at once you come upon something in the poem that strikes you with the suddenness of an unexpected blow. And when you have recovered you begin, perhaps dimly at first but with growing enlightenment, to get a glimpse of what the fellow 's aiming at. And so it is—at all events in my experience—with Stevie Smith. She may in her own mind be coherent : no doubt she is : but on paper her coherence is, to say the least, elusive. But the tendencies of what she is trying to say—with all her funny-ha-ha ways, her tendre for the half-foreign word or phrase, and her general fooling around with grammar, syntax and all the other dry-as-dust conventions of our language—are clear enough. And for direction posts there is what she calls her " liberalistic world-conscience " and the sentence which, jumping to her feet, she cries aloud : " *C'est la vie entière que c'est mon métier.*" At all events, whatever you make of *Over the Frontier*, you will have fun reading it—or trying to.

MISS HILDA VIVIAN INGRAM'S first novel, *Gall and Honey* (Newnes ; 3*s*. 6*d*.), has much to commend it. It is a swiftly-moving story, with plenty of incident and change of scene, and the characters are boldly drawn. At the centre of the picture are Adam and Eve, bearing little relation, however, to their famous namesakes. Adam is a wealthy young heir to a peerage who has taken to himself a penniless but devoted bride in the person of Eve, second daughter of an Admiral. All might have gone well—though I doubt it—had not Eve fractured her hip while ski-ing and so presented her none too considerate husband with a first-class bone of contention. For do what she would, the thing wouldn't heal, and what was the use of a bedridden wife to a huntin' and shootin' and fast-livin' feller like Adam ? Left to himself, while Eve is in a German sanatorium, Adam rapidly succumbs to the wiles of the serpent, a designing young female who wears luminous frocks " with nothing whatever but her skin " underneath and beside whom Becky Sharp would seem a simple village maiden. What the upshot is I must leave you to discover. The book is written in a pleasant, easy-flowing style, and the author has a sure touch for the settings of her scenes.

An Engagement in the Firm of Foyle

Mr. Ronald Batty announced his engagement to Miss Christina Foyle, and at once photographers pounced on the rambling establishment in the Charing Cross Road to take photographs of him " at work in his office." He is a director of Foyles, Ltd. ; Christina Foyle is the twenty-six-year-old daughter of the firm, and best known to the public for her literary luncheons. At the end of last year she told the " Bystander "—in Charles Graves' person—that she had no time to think of marriage

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Every woman with a lovely figure is more than usually to be envied this season, as the trend in both day and evening dresses is to follow the natural lines of the human form, thereby enhancing its beauty. In some cases the material is draped and shirred from shoulders to hips, while the skirt falls in sculptured folds. Another idea is simply to follow graceful sweeping lines as in the dress on the right from the model gown salons at Liberty's, Regent Street. It is made in lamé tissue with a broken surface and shadow design composed of richly coloured flowers against a dark ground. The shoulders are held by a flame-tinted pleated chiffon scarf which crosses in front and spreads into floating panels. For those who prefer something less sophisticated, Liberty's are showing picture frocks in charming pastel colours. One model in aquamarine tulle is cut with a full godet skirt, each seam outlined in small cascading frills. Another in powder blue net is accompanied by a short coat with a flared basque in stiff, hand-woven brocaded silk

Scott Bushe

In Search of Sunshine

Few things are more delightful at this time of year when the English winter seems everlasting than to pack up your troubles and go abroad, either cruising south or merely to bask in the brilliant sunshine and enchanted air of the Côte d'Azur. In either case you will want light-coloured frocks, so let Walpole's, of New Bond Street, plan your wardrobe. They are experts at knowing what is wanted and will always give valuable advice as well as every attention to post orders. Below is one of their charming washing frocks in hand-blocked linen voile, gaily striped in carnival colours. It is perfectly plain, with inverted pleats in the skirt and short sleeves slightly puffed at the shoulders. A green petersham belt ties round the waist, and the price is 79s. 6d. There is also a wide choice of cruising frocks in printed cotton from 49s. 6d. They are in all colours and varying designs, some with narrow stripes and anchors scattered here and there. Needless to say, they are good travellers and wash beautifully. Coloured sandals, costume jewellery, and several gay scarves should be included, as they help to ring the changes and impart personality to a frock

Scott Bushe

What could be gayer than this printed coat in Sanforized cotton? It is strewn with coloured sailing-boats and costs 59s. 6d. at Walpole's. The sleeves are short, and it is cut with a well-defined waist and modified flare; altogether a most useful accessory to wear over cruising shorts or a play-suit. It is wise to be prepared for all weathers and take a couple of linen suits and several light wool jumpers for cooler days. Walpole's have the former severely tailored in Shantyloom linen, in plain and pastel colours, also ivory, for 89s. 6d. This is likewise the cost of a deck coat in heavy natural shantung with a panelled back. Macclesfield washing silk frocks which wear almost too long, and always look fresh, cost 79s. 6d., while for evening Walpole's have designed some unusually attractive dance frocks in printed cotton, organdie and linen

The Bystander in search of Novelties

Discovered by Peta. Pictured by Pann Twins

Here is a charming gift for the blushing bride from Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond St. Five exquisite floral perfumes, including gardenia, jasmine, and white orchid, are contained in this decorative coffret painted with appropriate flowers. It costs five guineas and would make an equally delightful bridesmaid's present

The perfect Ski-Kit containing everything necessary for protecting the skin has been designed by Elizabeth Arden, who has recently opened a new salon at Surselva House, St. Moritz. The preparations cost 30s., packed in a gaily-striped waterproof case, which may also be seen in her London salons

It seems hardly possible that just over thirty years ago women motorists were obliged to wear this extraordinary erection on their heads. The hat in waterproof tweed with a silk coiffe covering the hair and ears, and a chiffon veil, was designed by Woodrow's, of Piccadilly, and awarded a silver cup for excellence, which was presented by the then Duchess of Sutherland

If you want to look really attractive and frivolous at your next party, carry this ostrich-feather handbag and tuck a feather into your curls. Both accessories are designed by Elizabeth Arden in various colours, including royal blue, flame and cerise. The bag, which can be carried on the wrist, costs three guineas and the head-dress 7s. 6d.

How Time marches on is proved by the Woodrow hat on the left, designed for motoring in 1938. It is made in a lightweight felt trimmed with petersham and sweeps forward shading the eyes. Though so simple, it is small and essentially practical

Golf Clubs at Home: Romford, Essex

The Romford Golf Club, Ltd., situated about a mile and a half from the town which gives it its name, is the oldest and most famous in Essex—in fact, it boasts a crest with a Latin inscription and a tradition going back to 1894. The original course was laid out for the "gutta," and remained in its first form until after the war, when it was redesigned by Mr. H. S. Colt. Romford now offers a round of over six thousand yards (scratch score, 73), of park-type golf with sand bunkers, ponds, trees and gorse as hazards. The club-house is a handsome and comfortable building with a fine billiards-room

(1) Rupert H. Cumine (president). (2) A. D. Williams (secretary). (3) Norman Lang (hon. treasurer). (4) Dr. S. R. Wright. (5) F. B. Cornwell. (6) G. C. Cowan. (7) C. Eves. (8) H. Adams (professional). (9) Dr. Wilfred Steen, Dr. R. A. Woodhouse (ex-captain), A. E. Winmill (committee). (10) B. C. Crouch, W. J. Ralph (ex-captain), A. G. Bowers, H. Hargreaves (committee). (11) F. Lionel Mullis, P. W. Wilson, W. E. Warren, F. Moore

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Reflections

WHEN you watch a golf tournament, whether it is a small one numerically, like the President's Putter, or a large one like an Amateur Championship, you are bound to see many happenings, the importance of which you do not realise at the time. It is only after you have returned home and studied the various results at your leisure, that you notice how important were some of the situations which, at the time, you considered of hardly passing interest.

We always hear and read a great amount about the finals, although, on studying the play, we find that the best match and the best golf of the whole tournament was played when A beat B in the second round, when A produced golf which neither B nor any other competitor in the field had any reasonable hope of standing up against. Also, when a championship has been won and lost, little reference is usually made to the round when the final winner took over eighty strokes, and just beat a man whom he ought, on form, to have beaten at his ease. I cannot remember a single championship decided by match play, or a match-play tournament of importance, during which the winner has not had a bad round and at least one lucky escape.

I READ last year that in the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes the winners, Mrs. H. Heppel and L. G. Crawley, had never been extended on their way to victory. I must say that I was not a little surprised, as I knew that in one of their matches they were four down before eight holes had been played, and had only won this match in the end on the last green, due to no small extent to the generosity of their opponents, one of whom was far from fit.

Yet as soon as the final is over and the cups have been presented, this lucky escape is forgotten by nearly all the spectators. However, I cannot believe that the players concerned, whether they were on the winning or losing side, can forget it quite so soon or so easily.

Robert Sweeny last year, in the fourth round of the Amateur Championship, defeated on the nineteenth green E. Bromley Davenport. He has done well in all the championships in which he has played, yet there must be thousands of people who think they take a great interest in the game who have never heard of Bromley Davenport, and there can be hardly anyone who knows anything about golf who has not heard of Sweeny.

THE week-end after the President's Putter had been played for, I was again trying to play at Rye, and as I went round the course, I remembered as I passed the places from which they had been played, various shots which had made vital differences to matches in that tournament, though when I saw them played, I had no idea what a tremendous bearing on the final result they were to have.

I could not help thinking what would have happened if the President's Putter meeting had been played one week later. Those present at the President's Putter meeting enjoyed nearly perfect weather for playing or watching golf, but the following week-end the weather conditions were about as bad as they could be. On the Saturday it blew just as hard as it had when D. H. R. Martin won the Putter in 1934, and on the Sunday it blew just as hard and the rain, instead of falling vertically, was blown parallel to the ground, conditions which soak even those dressed like lifeboat-men. It was never advisable to ground the club on the greens, for if you did, when you moved the club the ball moved at the same time, and thereby penalised you a stroke.

I AM personally of the opinion that Frank Pennink very nearly won the Putter this year, yet, if you look at the results, you will see that he was defeated in the third round by Martin by one hole. Pennink had a hard draw: he beat Oppenheimer in the first round by 4 and 3; and J. B. Beck, the holder, in the second round by 2 and 1.

Against Beck, the one-shot seventeenth hole (the eighth hole of the match) had a very big bearing on the final result. Off the tee, Beck was on the green, and Pennink in a bunker on the left, yet Pennink won the hole: he exploded out and holed his putt while Beck took three putts. On this same green Crawley took three putts from little more than five yards, and let Tolley win it in four to become dormy one. So you see that this hole in these two matches alone had a very considerable bearing on the result not only of these individual matches, but of the whole tournament.

PENNINK should not have been beaten by Martin; the players were all square on the eighteenth tee, when Martin drove into the big bunker on the left, from which it is often necessary to play out backwards, while Pennink pushed his tee shot slightly, and found a horrid lie. Martin was lying sufficiently well in the bunker not only to get out, but also to make ground, and played a good third just short of the green. Pennink apparently thought that he could not get very far from his bad lie, and hit his ball so cleanly that he went much too far, and got stymied by the club-house, and could not reach the green in three shots, and lost the hole and the match to Martin, who chipped short, and then holed a very good and gallant putt of about four yards.

After the tee shots, it looked any odds on Pennink winning, and he appeared certain to do so, even if he could do no better than a five.

It is play such as this which makes the results of all golf matches so uncertain, and encourages the worse player to go on thinking that some day he will beat the better—and of course he does do so far more often than he ought, for which he has to thank to no small extent the ball of the present time.

The Middlesex Golfing Alliance Four-Ball Competition at Northwood

Charles Whitcombe (right) and his amateur partner, J. H. Brown, of Crews Hill, won the 27-holes competition with a score of 68+34=102

W. Hawkins and E. Gibbs (Alliance), both playing from a handicap of 1, returned a score of 73+37=110; this was the best amateur score

J. Batley is the captain of the Northwood Club; he entered for the Middlesex Alliance, played round his course, with H. Cutler. They are seen at the first tee

Near the Welsh Goal Line at Cardiff

Mr. R. A. Beattie (Scotland), the referee, is on his toes to watch—and avoid—an open mêlée near the Welsh line: part of the England-Wales match, played in a gale, which the home side won by a goal, two penalties and a try (14) to a goal and a try (8)

Over the Water on the Opening Day at Lingfield

The first day's racing in 1938 at Lingfield Park was very pleasant, good going, nice weather, fine sport. Here is a bunch in the Barstow Amateurs' 'Chase, won by Lough Cottage. The grey nearest the camera is Hopeful Hero

Howard Marshall on Sport

THE unfortunate Donald Budge is having a rough passage in Australia. Now that young John Bromwich, active and ambidextrous, has beaten him again, Budge has lost four matches during his tour. Bromwich and von Cramm have each beaten him twice, and that is a bit of a facer for the world's Number One player.

It 's quite true that Budge was only just recovering from influenza when Bromwich scored his second victory the other day, and I daresay he has had far too much tennis in the last year or so. How these champions stand the pace is altogether beyond me. Budge will have to watch out, however, if he still nurses hopes of turning professional and scooping in a small fortune. Defeats of any kind, in any circumstances, don't increase a player's value in the commercial market.

I NOTICE, by the way, that in the official United States ranking lists the second player is R. L. Riggs. We have heard of Riggs, but we haven't yet seen him over here, and I fancy he may cause a sensation at Wimbledon next summer.

It 's extraordinary how America continues to produce these remarkable youngsters. They have a vast amount of material to draw upon ; but even so, their profusion of champions is astonishing, and I wish they could let us into the secret of producing them.

I SEE Jack Dempsey has been saying a piece about big fights. " Let 's forget all these foreigners," he remarked, " and have championships of the United States—and to blazes with the rest of the world. The only championship that means a thing is the championship of America."

It 's odd to find Jack Dempsey speaking so truculently and so disparagingly of other fighters. Dempsey is an extraordinarily modest and likeable fellow, always ready to give a hand to anyone who needs his help, and I have an idea that these words of his were spoken in jest.

(*Concluded on page* 148)

Right : the American team for the Albert Hall table tennis championships which began this week was photographed on arrival : they are Mildred Wilkinson, Morris Barsford, George Hendry, Clara Harrison, Louis Pagliaro, Betty Henry, Jimmy McClure, Bernard Grimes, Sol Schiff

The American Table Tennis Team

This England . . .

Buttermere Village

THE word "village" calls up many pleasant thoughts — different for each one of us, yet alike in this—that they are gentle, kindly. There is good reason for this unanimity of affection. For twelve centuries the village community was the core of English life. For twelve centuries, undisturbed, the men of the parish judged their fellows, settled ploughing and harvest times, made their own rules of social conduct. And those twelve centuries of humble discipline have given us our capacity for self-government, for colonization, for working to a common purpose. Have given us, too, a liking for the things these elders favoured. This must account indeed for the remarkable unanimity of affection for that very old-fashioned brew of ale — our Worthington.

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Incidental to Celebrity

Anna Neagle Gives a Tea-Party

Anna Neagle had several parties of children up from Shenley, the Hertfordshire village where she lives, to see her in "Peter Pan," at the Palladium, and after the show she gave them tea in an Oxford Street restaurant

Nikitina Takes a Rest

Alice Nikitina has been taking a holiday at Monte Carlo after making her debut as an opera-singer in Milan. That bundle of fur on her lap is a dog called Pixie

Arrival After a Stormy Voyage

Alexander Korda and Tamara Geva came over from America in the Aquitania which arrived twenty hours late last week after a terrible crossing in a gale or several gales. Tamara Geva had Raymond Massey to meet her at Waterloo; she and he are going to take the Lynn Fontanne—Alfred Lunt parts in "Idiot's Delight" when the play comes on in London

Charles Laughton is Dressed for a Queue

Charles Laughton takes the part of a theatre-queue entertainer in "St. Martin's Lane," a new film to be made by the producing unit he and Erich Pommer have formed. Here he is with Tim Whelan, the director, during a test of how he photographs without the usual mask of screen make-up

By Appointment.

Special Prices for made-to-order

Tailoring and Dressmaking

In order to maintain our workroom organisation at full strength during the "between season" period, the new models for Spring tailor-mades are now available to copy at special prices, and appointments may be made to secure the services of the expert tailors and fitters of the House.

Until Feb: 19th.

Tailoring *from* 9½ gns

Dressmaking *from* 8½ gns

A classic design for the spring tailor-made, the one button coat with inset pockets, and well-cut skirt with flat side pleat. Made to order from

9½ gns.

An attractive design for a spring gown in wool mousse, with scallop motif throughout, and vest and bow of white taffeta cloque. Made to order

8½ gns.

Made to order gowns in silk from 10½ gns.

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

Owing to the recent increase in motor-boat activity in this country, the Marine Motoring Association, Ltd., decided in the latter part of 1937 that the time was now probably opportune to suggest a revival of international motor-boat racing in Great Britain.

With the co-operation of the Torquay Corporation it has now been decided to hold a three-day race meeting in Torbay on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 30th, July 1st and 2nd, the organisation of the race meeting being undertaken by a special Committee to be known as the Torquay International Motor-Boat Racing Committee, composed of representatives of all the clubs affiliated to the Marine Motoring Association in addition to delegates from the Torquay Corporation and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd.

Racing will be for both inboard and outboard classes, and the principal event will be the Duke of York's International Gold Trophy for inboard motors, this trophy being the premier award for motor-boat racing in this country. Attempts are being made to obtain permission to stage also an event for another famous international challenge trophy.

A substantial foreign challenge is expected for the Duke of York's Trophy and the prize money, trophies and travelling allowances to be distributed will exceed £1800.

Mention of motor-boats reminds me that Sir Malcolm Campbell has recently proclaimed:

"I hear that Germany, Italy and America are now constructing boats with the object of wresting the Water Speed Record from Britain, so we have decided to build an entirely new type of boat, which I hope may eventually be capable of holding its own against all comers."

Fifty-three next birthday, Sir Malcolm Campbell admits that he still finds the lure of speed irresistible. When younger men would have been content to rest on their laurels, Sir Malcolm, tiring of being the fastest man on land, has made water the scene for fresh activities.

The new boat is being built to defend the present water-speed record of 129 m.p.h., which he himself set up last September in the 2000-h.p. Bluebird on the Swiss side of Lake Maggiore. Of the new boat Sir Malcolm discloses no details, the design being a closely guarded secret, but it is understood that its maximum speed may be over 140 m.p.h.—or more than four times that of the Queen Mary.

Sir Malcolm's announcement appears in "Achievements of 1937," a most interesting record of the past year's speed achievements, published by C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., who will send a complimentary copy to any reader of the Bystander who writes to Wakefield House, London. Other contributors include Capt. George Eyston and Miss Jean Batten; there are over forty action pictures of record-breaking cars, boats, aeroplanes and motor-cycles.

Miss Batten Went to Coventry

Jean Batten recently visited the new Standard Aircraft shadow factory at Coventry and was shown round by Capt. J. P. Black, managing director of the Standard Motor Company, Ltd.

The motoring psychology of the ordinary man has little in common with the ordinary psychology of the motoring man and that is why the more intelligent motor manufacturer finds a study of his customers of such enthralling interest.

One of the human emotions more obviously common both to motoring and to private existence, however, is the average man's aversion to loneliness. Deprived of human companionship on a long run, even the most stolid of motorists is apt to talk to himself, and some of the less imaginative drivers—otherwise quite normal individuals—have even confessed to talking to their cars, much as though they had human attributes.

I believe it is because of this peculiarity, more often to be found among motoring *enthusiasts* than other types of motorist, that the extraordinary responsiveness of the Railton Cobham Saloon makes such an irresistible appeal.

The car really seems alive. The controls are arranged so that they fall naturally at the fingers' tips, while acceleration, braking and road-holding are a positive joy.

When I tested one of these cars recently, I covered many fast miles in a raging gale and rain-storm, and I did so not only without a single moment's apprehension, but with positive delight.

We all know that, in motoring, there is responsiveness *and* responsiveness. Some cars do all that you ask of them, but they seem to do it grudgingly, sluggishly, disagreeably. Others do it too readily. They are wayward and erratic. Both these types of car are dangerous. The lag between the driver's manipulation and the car's reaction in the former case can land one in great difficulty where rapid extrication from emergency is necessitated, while the effort to curb the exuberance of the over-responsive type of car is no less embarrassing where a delicate manœuvre or quick decision is called for.

The Railton people have struck the happy mean and have produced a car whose sensibilities are more nearly attuned to those of the driver than any other car I have ever had the pleasure of taking out.

There may be motorists who think 14-15 miles to the gallon of fuel is too extravagant for them. Well, all I can say is that such motorists do not deserve to enjoy their motoring. At the end of the year, the difference in fuel-cost between the 15 m.p.g. car and the 30 m.p.g. car is probably more than compensated for by the saving in depreciation on the two vehicles. Anyhow, even if it is not, give *me* a car like the Railton, with its comfort which banishes driving fatigue, its very distinguished lines and its exhilarating performance combined with maximum safety, and I will leave you to chug along in the economical car of your own choice.

I am extravagant? No; I like to enjoy my motoring and I like the added security of motoring in a car whose keynote is Responsiveness—*of the right sort.*

Mr. Good and his Lagonda and Mr. Brackenbury

Mr. A. P. Good, chairman of Lagonda Motors, entered his own Lagonda (a 1937 4½-litre) privately for the Monte Carlo Rally. Mr. Charles Brackenbury was his co-driver

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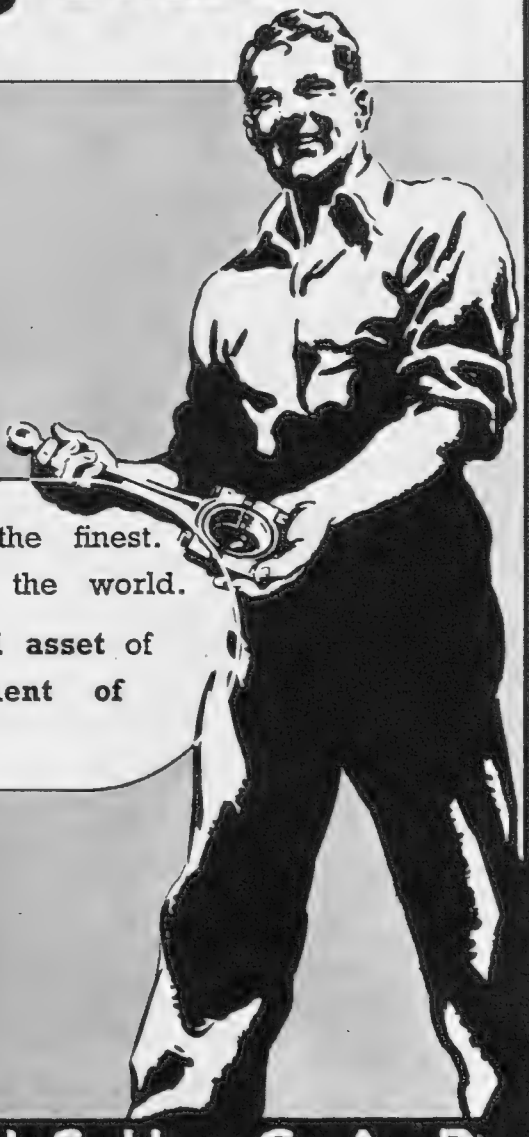

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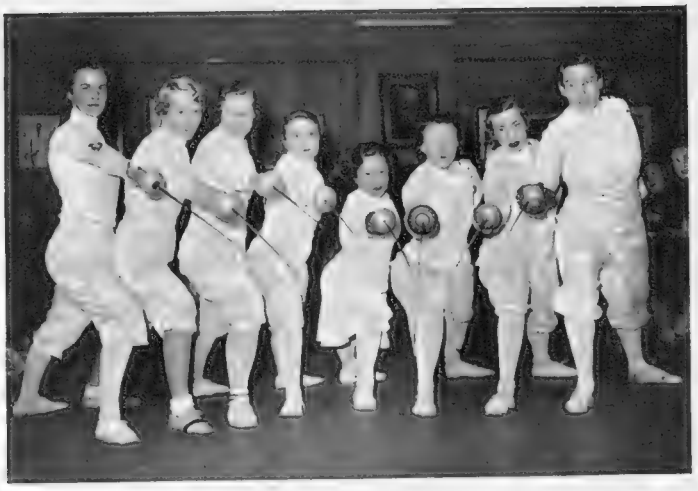

Gauthier's Won the Inter-Salle Cup

These were the opponents in the replayed final for the Inter-Salle Cup (a draw was recorded on December 2nd): Miss E. Slingsby-Bethell, Mrs. Minton (captain), Miss E. Carnegy Arbuthnott and Miss C. H. Christie (Gauthier's); Miss P. Etheridge, Miss G. Neligan (captain), Miss P. Godsell and Miss M. Anderson (Bertrand's). Gauthier's won by 9—7

Howard Marshall on Sport *(Continued from page 142)*

If they were serious, I should imagine that Max Schmeling and his friends would take them rather to heart and Tommy Farr may have a word or two to say in reply. As it is, the Americans manage to keep their championships pretty well to themselves, though now and again rude foreigners will keep muscling in.

By the time you read these notes, Farr will have fought Braddock for better or for worse. I can't believe that he will have lost, for he seems to have been in tremendous fettle during his training period. If he really is developing a punch—as all the accounts suggest—then he will inevitably take the world heavy-weight title in due course. Already he is the fastest, and probably the cleverest, of the front-rank heavy-weights; and he only needs the destroying punch to make him a champion.

I HAVE been looking into the Schmeling-Foord fight in Germany and very interesting it 's been. Schmeling holds an extraordinary position in Germany. He is one of the most privileged people in the Reich and never has an athlete been such a national hero. Every German is convinced that he will regain the world's title and that his fight with Foord is merely a mild preliminary.

Perhaps that is a true assessment of the position, although Schmeling reached the peak of condition a week too early and Foord has trained most conscientiously.

There is just one chance in a hundred that Foord will land a real haymaker and win by a knock-out. But Schmeling is a crafty one, and we can hardly expect so sensational a reversion of form.

ON Saturday week the Welshmen, exulting in their triumph over England, go very confidently to Murrayfield for their match with Scotland.

Wales, on their Cardiff form, look a very good side indeed. At last they 've found a pack of forwards who 're capable of giving their brilliant backs the chances they deserve.

The Scotsmen seem to be considerably confused. Their final trial was a fiasco and at half-time the Selectors made extraordinary changes. As a result of it all, the Scottish team contains eight new players; and such stalwarts as Waters, Henderson, Melville and, above all, Logan, are omitted.

Logan is a grand player and it 's difficult to understand why he did not find favour, though Dorward, who takes his place, is a sufficiently competent scrum-half.

It 's good to see R. W. Shaw brought back to stand-off half. And it may be that this experimental team will give the Welshmen the surprise of their lives. It should be a grand game, at any rate, and I look forward to it greatly.

ALREADY we 're beginning to think about cricket and most days of the week Bradman shakes us with some terrific new performance. In Australia they 're arguing fiercely about the probable composition of their team. But it seems fairly certain now that Clarrie Grimmett will come over to plague us again.

The Australians would surely be unwise to leave out this little wizard who finds English wickets so perfectly suited to him. He is old in years but apparently ageless in cricket skill and cunning; and those who have seen him in Australia this winter say that he is bowling better than ever.

With that horrible reflection I will leave you.

No Better

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THERE seems singularly little to write about this week, and I have not met so much as one argumentative friend to set me theorising in the opposite direction. So I must do the theorising on my own.

Has it ever struck you what an enormous, in fact, colossal, number of people remain bad golfers all their lives? And having thought of that, have you asked yourself why? I don't merely mean—though that is a question that sometimes puzzles me, too—why so comparatively few people win a championship, the title going round and round amongst a handful of top-notchers, whilst others, seemingly no worse, never reach so much as a final. What really puzzles me is how so many remain in the higher reaches of the bronze division with handicaps of 36, 35, 34, and so on, after years and years of golf. It cannot be sheer physical incapacity; such people often appear good upstanding specimens, with no outward disability. Nor can it be utter lack of brains; in fact, some of the worst golfers are without doubt highly gifted in other walks of life.

I suppose it is in some cases complete lack of ambition. Not long ago I was watching a first-class competition, and on another course belonging to the same club I saw two women patting their balls along, perhaps half a dozen yards with a shot, perhaps not so many. Every now and again one or other of them would miss it altogether. They looked quite placid and satisfied. Was it possible, I asked myself, that they had no wish to hit that ball any further; that they could turn their heads and see some of the best women in the land hitting their two hundred yards shots without one wish to do the same, or any realisation that they could, probably do so, with a very little application to the matter? It seemed almost incredible.

PERHAPS the explanation in extreme cases such as this, is that there is no ambition, and no application. Concentration, of course, comes in the higher spheres of golf, and amongst the best of all, championships are decided by which of two fine players can concentrate the better when they meet. But amongst the lower ranks the first thing to be acquired is the power of application, of watching how somebody else does it, and applying what is seen to what they are themselves attempting to do. That is what is often lacking. These two that I have in mind did not seem to have any appreciation of the fact that if they only tapped at the ball, as one might tap a croquet ball to send it half a dozen yards, they could not expect it to go as far as if they put some swing, some energy, into the business. They obviously had no idea of using any different kind of shot for a ball buried in long grass for one sitting up on the fairway; nor that a putt down a hill needed a less violent blow than one up it. In short, they did not think. The game was, for them, evidently a method of escape from thought and nothing else.

Well, perhaps it would be foolish to give them any pity. If they preferred that form of a walk, instead of one unencumbered by clubs and balls, who shall blame them? They made no pretence to be golfers. I, for instance, enjoy a game of rummy, or racing demon, or even shop grab more than contract, at which my efforts would be somewhere on a par with these two tappers of a golf ball, and since I play cards solely for fun, I defy anybody to blame me. But there are others who struggle desperately to improve, spend time and energy and money and still stay inefficient at the game to the end of their days. For them it is surely permissible to be genuinely sorry.

YET, I feel something could be done about it, if only they would try. There is, or I am much mistaken, a curious obstinacy about these never-improvers. They imagine themselves a little different from other people; they think the methods which have made other golfers good do not apply to them; that they must plough a lonely furrow, and swing their own swing, whatever the rest of the world may do or think. Well, we know that independent thought is a great thing, and slavish imitation a poor one. But there are too many bad golfers who remind me of the drawing of the recruit, one right foot forward amongst nine hundred and ninety-nine lefts, who complained that the battalion was out of step. The method that has made nine hundred and ninety-nine good golfers will probably make a thousandth if he, or she, will only try it, and try hard.

So I will suggest to anybody really wishing to improve, who has stuck all too long in the thirties, that they should take the first opportunity of watching a first-class player, and asking themselves seriously where her methods differ from their own. Then let them alter their methods to hers, and see if improvement does not follow. It may not come immediately: Rome is not built in a day, even in these days of short cuts and jerry building. But what is good enough for the best is also good enough for the worst, and to persist in peculiarities which have brought no success is of all forms of foolishness the most foolish. At least, so it seems to me.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

"Skäl"

"Good 'ealth"

"Where did you get it?" she asked

"From a very pretty barmaid" (- - - a gurgle)

"Silly! the *new car*, I mean"

"Oh that! from my garage people. Like her?"

"'mm: got poise"

"What's that?"

"I don't know, but your car has it! And I *adore* the trimmings and trappings . . . How does she run?"

"She's running now"

. . . "must be getting deaf"

"No, she keeps a good secret! can't be sure of hearing her at 70"

"And still comfy?"

"Like a mattress: step in and try"

"Well, I'm good for everything once!"

"You'll want more than once in a Dodge—'gone with the wind' isn't in it"

"You ought to have gone into Advertising"

"That's what all my passengers say!"

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Mainly About the Air

By Charles Ward

The Snow-Line

WHY anyone bothers to go by train, boat, train, to Switzerland, with all the attendant incidentals of heat and cold, Customs, meals and tips, when an air-line, leaving Croydon at 8.45 a.m., will land at Zurich exactly three hours and ten minutes later, is very puzzling. And it 's " overweather " flying all the way. This term, coined and patented by an air-line company in the United States, refers to a flight above the bumps, and, if possible, above the clouds. Swissair links London with the snow-line every day. There are eats and drinks on board, smoking is allowed, a smart hostess attends to the wants of passengers, and the " Douglas " is one of the most comfortable liners on any overland route.

A pilot at British Airways' instructional school about to start on a cross-country flight in the Link Trainer. Before closing the lid, he is receiving final instructions and the latest weather report. The pupils seated round the table get a valuable lesson by listening to the instructor's orders and observing the aeroplane's course as traced by the automatic recorder

Rates and Taxes

AT the Airports Conference, it soon became clear that all was not well with the future development of flying in this country. The aerodromes had to exist before traffic, but no traffic of any volume had been forthcoming. What was needed to stimulate the use of aerodromes provided by the ratepayers and by private enterprise at vast cost ? The answer was subsidised air transport—at first for passengers, and later, for mails also. But the aerodrome-owners needed more direct aid to meet their losses. The Air Ministry was providing control officers, wireless and weather stations, but beacons, floodlights, ground transport, hangars and offices were just as important. These required further capital for their installation. The ground, presumably, could always fetch its value in the open market for housing or farming, but the buildings and other equipment were of no value except to air transport. A good case was made out for financial assistance from the tax-payers. Aerodromes were essential for defence and for training. The country, as a whole, should increase its insurance policy or, alternatively, should regard air transport as a public service similar to cables and the telephone.

At Hamble

AIR SERVICE TRAINING, both at Hamble and Coventry, has passed through the busiest year of its career. On the Solent, the School caters for all classes; civil and military, British and foreign, landplane pilots and those who cross the sea in flying-boats. One hundred and fifty-one students from twenty-one different countries have qualified for 200 licences during 1937.

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This perfect fitting slimming and supporting garment is an entirely new departure for day and evening wear. It gives complete support to the figure and is designed to enable the wearer freedom of movement, which makes the wearing of a brassière a pleasure. It is made in feather-weight pastel pink Chiffon Latex, which fits the figure like a second skin and is devoid of all fastenings. Price **12/6**

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● When ordering the Rejuvenating Mask send measurement round forehead to nape of neck, and from under chin (over ears) to crown of head. For Brassière actual Bust measurement and for Knicker Hip measurement.

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Portrait of a Banker *(Continued from page 134)*

I 'm not going to subject him to——. Ha ! interrupted Mr. Mason. As I thought ! You 're afraid to bring him around. O is that so ? said Jane. Well just for that I will bring him smarty. And don't you try any funny business either. Why darling said Mr. Mason I just want to see this noble manly guy.

So Jane brought Mr. Graves to the party. It was not a rowdy party for the chief guest though he didn't know it was a Mr. Wilson Peddick who it was hoped would buy a picture or two. So at first the guests looked around at Mr. Mason's canvases and talked about art on an extremely high plane which it was quite impossible for them to maintain. But after a few drinks they got more human and indeed only a dealer can keep that sort of thing up.

Mr. Mason showed Mr. Graves around and was very cordial and tried to lead him into expressing some opinions about art but Mr. Graves was cagy and said little though he mumbled appreciatively at a few things and in especial at the picture of Jane. So then Mr. Mason fed him two more cocktails and introduced him to Miss Luella de Bro a little red-haired girl who was said to be the fastest worker east of the Mississippi. But Mr. Graves explained the fiscal system to her and when that did not discourage her he took her over into a corner and showed her card tricks and Miss de Bro was enchanted with him because no other men had ever considered her intellectual enough to show her card tricks.

Well this did not please Mr. Mason who had hoped to exhibit his rival's stuffiness. Of course Mr. Graves had been rather dumb about art but there was nothing essentially commercial about that for lots of artists were dumb about art too. So then Mr. Mason got serious about it. And he said to himself This fellow is young and is still a good fellow as bankers go but the fact remains that he *is* a banker with a banker's soul and it is not fair to Jane to let her get too interested in him and besides I would like to marry her myself.

So he went and sat down beside Mr. Graves and began talking about portrait painting and then he said You know Graves I 'd like awfully well to have a shot at doing a portrait of you. Mr. Graves murmured non-committally and Mr. Mason said This is not a sales talk for I 'm not looking for a commission but for a portrait I can exhibit and it would cost you nothing but your time and after a year say it would be your property. That hardly seems fair to you said Mr. Graves and then he thought a minute and said What do you get for a portrait ? A thousand dollars said Mr. Mason. Well said Mr. Graves my aunt Mrs. Mortimer Quince has been at me for a long time to have a portrait done but I have never known who to go to because I don't like the old-fashioned stuffed-shirt school and neither did I want one of these modern fellows that sees life through the bottom of a green glass bottle. But I like your work he said and I 'd like to have you do me.

Well that was settled pretty quick and sittings began the next day and when Mr. Mason saw Jane he said Well Graves isn't a bad guy and I withdraw wart but I still say he 's a banker. Well evidently said Jane he thinks you are an artist. And why not my pet ? said Mr. Mason. No reason said Jane except that it sort of weakens your criticism of him. For if he 's wrong about so many things maybe he 's wrong about you. I could argue that with you said Mr. Mason if I hadn't used up all my energy chewing this meat. What is it—rhinoceros ? You ordered steak didn't you ? said Jane. It says steak on the bill said Mr. Mason but it doesn't say what kind of animal you cut it off of. I didn't cut it off said Jane the butcher did. He must have special tools said Mr. Mason.

So things went along and sometimes Jane thought she was in love with Mr. Mason and then she thought how terrible it would be to be married to Mr. Graves. And sometimes she thought she was in love with Mr. Graves and then she felt differently. And then one day Mr. Mason called up and said I 've finished the portrait and maybe you 'll come over and tell me if I 've done a good job.

So Jane went over and Mr. Mason took her into the studio and led her up to the easel and said There now tell me honestly what you think. And then he gave a start and said O excuse me I forgot something. I 'll be right back and ran out of the room.

Jane looked after him for a second and then she sat down and looked at the portrait. The likeness seemed to her just about perfect but then she had known that it would be for Mr. Mason was a fine draughtsman and then too even though he disliked Mr. Graves his artistic integrity would make him paint honestly what he saw. So Jane looked at the painting as art and then she looked at it as Jud Graves and she began thinking about Mr. Graves and then about Mr. Mason. They both had their integrity she thought though an artist's was different from a banker's. She admired it in both of them a great deal probably because she herself fell rather short in such matters as the best cuts of meat and butter substitutes in cooking and so on. And she looked at Mr. Graves again and thought O dear Jud does have a sort of smug look and I wish his integrity wasn't quite so obvious and—and solid. And she thought I wish he had more *life*. And just then Mr. Mason came rushing back in.

Well darling said Mr. Mason do you like it ? O I do said Jane the likeness is fine and that background is simply gorgeous. Good said Mr. Mason I 'm glad. But he said that wasn't really why I asked you to come over. O said Jane you 're going away again ! Yes said Mr. Mason. I am leaving for Paris in a week and my dear I want you to come with me. O said Jane I—well—I guess I couldn't. That is exactly why I am going away said Mr. Mason for it is time you made up your mind and if I stay here you will just go on shilly-shallying. And so he said You are either going to marry me and go to Paris or you aren't going to see me again. Why that is the silliest thing I ever heard of said Jane and she started to argue but Mr. Mason said I don't want arguments. I want a decision and then Jane looked helplessly at the portrait but Mr. Graves' eyes didn't plead with her but only looked sort of dull and stolid and then she turned to Mr. Mason and said Well——. And at that minute the doorbell rang.

So Mr. Mason said something coarse under his breath and dropped his arms which he had extended to enfold Jane and went to the door. And Mr. Graves came in. O hello Jane said Mr. Graves. I was just down this way and I thought I 'd drop in and see if Mason had got me varnished yet. Ah there it is he said. Well I do think you 've done a swell job Mason. Mr. Mason said Ah non-committally and looked at Jane but Jane was looking from Mr. Graves to the portrait and back again. I see she said I see. What do you see ? asked Mr. Graves. Every line is correct said Jane. It 's you. And yet it isn't you. What ! said Mr. Graves. You don't like it ? Why I think it 's fine. Jane is a little upset to-day said Mr. Mason and perhaps——. Upset my eye ! said Jane. I see what you 've done now that Jud is here for comparison. You 've made him all dull and stolid and piggy. O Harvey and I thought you were square—I thought you meant something when you talked about an artist's integrity. I paint things as I see them said Mr. Mason. I can't do better than that. I suppose you saw that highlight on his watch chain said Jane and you brought it up good and strong to draw the eye to it and make his stomach the most important thing in the picture ? I suppose you left highlights out of the eyes too that way to make them dull and hard and cold ? I see all the tricks now. Jud she said have you paid him for it yet ? Why Jane said Mr. Graves I don't think you 're quite fair to Mason. Yes said Mr. Mason Graves has paid me—why ? This said Jane and she grabbed a paint rag and before Mr. Graves could stop her had smeared the still wet canvas into a Turner sunset.

Mr. Mason had not tried to stop Jane. He threw himself into a chair and began to laugh. O Jane Jane he said. You 're cleverer than I thought you were and it makes me all the sorrier that you won't be with me in Paris. Unless—— he said hesitating and added For I still think Graves is a banker. And then as Jane said nothing he felt in his pocket. My integrity he said at least prevents me from keeping this. And he handed Mr. Graves back his cheque. Come along Jud said Jane and they left Mr. Mason still laughing and went out into the street.

WELL Jane said Mr. Graves I 'm sorry you spoiled the picture. Sorry ! said Jane. You poor looby ! Don't you see what he did to you ? And then she looked at him hard and he was smiling quietly and she said Why did you have Harvey do your portrait ? O well said Mr. Graves I just wanted to see what he 'd do because I knew he wanted to marry you and I thought if he painted it honestly then he was an honest man and I would know what I had to fight. But if he didn't paint it honestly I knew you 'd see it and everything 'd be all right.

What ! said Jane staring. And he said you were a banker ! Why then you knew all the time about the highlight on the watch chain and the other things ? Well said Mr. Graves it did seem to me that the picture looked more like a banker than any banker had a right to look. And it 's too bad you spoiled it because I think I could have got it hung in the board room and it would have been a great help to me. Just he said as that picture of a roast turkey on your menu last Thanksgiving was a help to you and yet it was no more like the cold storage turkeys you had in the kitchen than the portrait was like me.

Well all at once Jane began to cry and so Mr. Graves hailed a cab and pushed her in and told the driver Grant's Tomb and then he put his arm around her and said I 'm sorry darling. I didn't mean to speak harshly about your turkeys. O damn the turkeys ! sniffed Jane. I 've been such a fool Jud for before you came—when I saw the portrait—I almost told Harvey I 'd marry him. Well said Mr. Graves I almost sneaked out of your tea room when I took the first bite of that turkey last Thanksgiving. Are you being subtle ? said Jane and Mr. Graves said No but let 's stop being intellectual at all. And he kissed her and she kissed him back and I don't know that there is anything more to say about them. [THE END.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

January 26—February 1

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MELODY THAT GOT LOST.—Quite a charming and original theme from the Danish with Esmond Knight and Dorothy Hyson as married couple: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Shakespeare's fantasy gets an enchanting production and performance with Ralph Richardson as Bottom, Robert Helpmann and Vivien Leigh: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—Eugene O'Neill's sombre trilogy has a grim and exciting tale of fate with brilliant acting by Beatrix Lehmann supported by Robert Harris and Laura Cowie: New, 7. Mon., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.—The diarist played by Edmund Gwenn is shown as a great, not petty, man in the service of King Charles (Barry Barnes): Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Stevenson's adventure has Malcolm Keen as Long John Silver: Comedy, 2.30 and 8.15 (not Mon. or Tues.).

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley excellent as Victoria, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES AND NO.—Fantasticated love-tangle makes an amusing evening with Mary Jerrold, Felix Aylmer, Diana Churchill, Rene Ray: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Jill Esmond and Anne Leslie as boy and girl; Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose for comedy: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

CINDERELLA.—Stanley Lupino, Madge Elliott and Greta Fayne: Prince's, 2 and 7.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition: Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr, and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes, and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MARINA.—An amusing and musical extravaganza on ice: Empress Stadium, Earl's Court, 8.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high-life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

OH! LETTY.—A musical comedy that 's musical, funny and gay, with Sydney Howard and Wylie Watson, Phyllis Stanley and Bertha Belmore: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

BULLDOG DRUMMOND HITS OUT.—Henry Edwards as Drummond in a Sapper thriller: Savoy, 8.30 only.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"This Money Business"

Henry Kendall, Diana Beaumont and Antoinette Cellier are members of another crazy family in another domestic comedy. At the Garrick

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM SERVICE.—Hartley Power heads an American cast in a coarse, hoarse farce which makes the actors and audience roar: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS MONEY BUSINESS.—A family comedy with Antoinette Cellier, Henry Kendall, and Diana Beaumont: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's new revue has Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard at the head of the co-operative cast: Little, to-night, 26th.

THE INNOCENT PARTY.—Mary Ellis plays a temperamental foreign wife to Cecil Parker's stolid Englishman: St. James's, Thurs., 27th.

THE THREE SISTERS.—Third of Gielgud's repertory season is produced by Saint-Denis: Queen's, Fri., 28th.

CINEMAS

THE AWFUL TRUTH (American).—Cary Grant and Irene Dunne in an almost crazy marriage comedy: Regal.

BACK IN CIRCULATION (American).—A newspaper story with Pat O'Brien, Joan Blondell and Margaret Lindsay: New Gallery.

LA BELLE EQUIPE (French).—Julien Duvivier directed this story of five comrades (Jean Gabin is one) who fall out: Berkeley.

UN CARNET DE BAL (French).—Duvivier also directed this first-prize film; a bitter-sweet story; Françoise Rosay, Rainer, Harry Baur, Pierre Blanchar: Studio One.

THE DIVORCE OF LADY X (British).—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier in her first technicolor film act a mild comedy-satire: Odeon.

EVERY DAY 'S A HOLIDAY (American).—Mae West and Edmund Lowe in their favourite period—the 'nineties—and a story of exploitation: Plaza.

LA GRANDE ILLUSION (French).—Jean Renoir directed this sensitive and sympathetic portrayal of life in a war-prisoners' camp; von Stroheim, Pierre Fresnay, Jean Gabin: Academy.

GRIBOUILLE (French).—Raimu has a great part in this film of French village life and a murder trial: Curzon.

100 MEN AND A GIRL (American).—Romance, humour, music, and a good story; Deanna Durbin, Adolphe Menjou, Leopold Stokowski: Leicester Square.

I MET MY LOVE AGAIN (American).—Henry Fonda, Joan Bennett and Louisa Platt make the triangle in a full story: London Pavilion.

IT 'S LOVE I 'M AFTER (American).—High standard of crazy comedy, with Leslie Howard on form, Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland: Gaumont.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (American).—Ronald Colman in a dual rôle Madeleine Carroll, Raymond Massey and Douglas Fairbanks, junior, in Anthony Hope's story: Marble Arch Pavilion.

ROSALIE (American).—New M.-G.-M. musical gives big entertainment value of the spoon-fed variety; Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Powell: Empire.

TOVARICH (American).—Film version of the stage success has Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert, Basil Rathbone, Isabel Jeans in it: Tivoli.

WELLS FARGO (American).—Big cast and big canvas shows a panorama of American history: Carlton.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

IL TABARRO and I PAGLIACCI.—To-night, 26th, 8.

CARNAVAL, HOROSCOPE, WEDDING BOUQUET.—Thurs., 27th, 8.30.

LA BOHÈME.—Fri., 28th, 8.

CASSE-NOISETTE, HOROSCOPE.—Sat., 29th, 2.30.

THE VALKYRIE.—Sat., 29th, 7.15.

LORD OF BURLEIGH, HOROSCOPE, LES PATINEURS.—Tues., 1st, 8.30.

MUSIC

Concerts

B.B.C. CONCERT.—Boult and Prokofieff conduct in a Prokofieff programme (including second violin concerto with Robert Soëtens), and Beethoven's Eroica: Queen's Hall, to-night, 26th, 8.15.

L.P.O. CONCERT.—Willem Mengelberg conducts in a J. C. Bach, Franck, Wagner and Tchaikowsky programme: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 27th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—The L.P.O. under Sir Thomas Beecham in two Wagner excerpts, Schubert's seventh symphony, Mozart's violin concerto in D (McCallum): Covent Garden, Sunday, 30th, 3.15.

EXHIBITIONS

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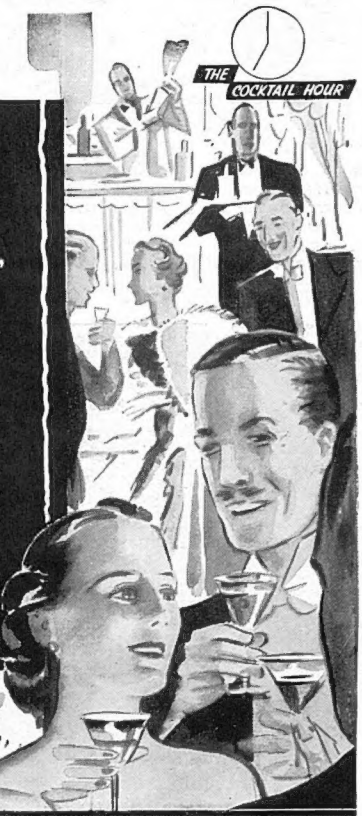

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LIABILITIES

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Capital paid up	15,152,811
Reserve Fund	12,404,799
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	497,796,590
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	12,079,911
Engagements	8,650,035

ASSETS

Coin, Notes and Balances with the Bank of England	53,968,247
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	18,700,856
Money at Call and Short Notice	25,449,442
Investments at or under market value	117,386,191
Bills Discounted	30,625,876
British Treasury Bills	52,532,678
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	208,198,218
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements	20,729,946
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	8,837,516
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	843,533
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	937,500
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of:	
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,755,707
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	3,141,173
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,540,326
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"Hawkins, remove that bird before I wring its neck. That screech sets my teeth on edge and goes through my head like a steam whistle."

"I imagine, Sir, that Polly is still somewhat excited after your party last night. Those songs of Mr. Arthur's, Sir . . ."

"Don't talk to me of parties, Hawkins. Parties are a snare and a delusion. My head aches, my hand shakes, and my tongue feels like a second-hand doormat."

"I'm surprised to hear it, Sir, for I made a point of leaving a bottle of Rose's Lime Juice beside your bed. This is the first time I have known the therapeutic properties of Rose's to fail in their effect."

"Hawkins, what are you rambling about?"

"I was saying, Sir, that a stiff glass of Rose's after a party invariably neutralises the resultant — er — hangover."

"But why didn't you tell me this last night? Did you expect me to know all this by telepathy or intuition, or something?"

"You mean, Sir, that you didn't drink your Rose's?"

"Of course I didn't. How was I to know?"

"I see, Sir. I should have mentioned the matter earlier."

"Never mind, Hawkins. You did your best. Even now it may not be too late. Run up and get that Rose's — it might work retrospectively."

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WHAT IS THE SCENERY LIKE?

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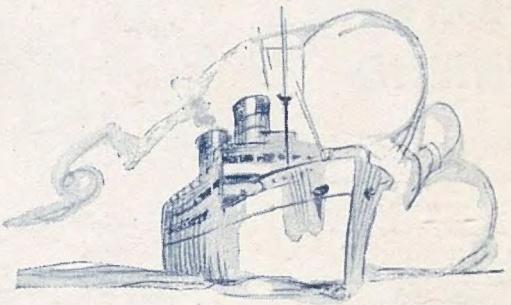

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